UPPER ENGADINE

PAINTED BY J. HARDWICKE LEWIS

DESCRIBED BY S. C. MUSSON

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J. HARDWICKE LEWIS

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SPENCER C. MUSSON

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IN COLOUR

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THE UPPER ENGADINE

CHAPTER I

HISTORICAL SKETCH

It would be beyond the province of this book to give any but the slightest sketch of the tangled history of the Upper Engadine; yet if, as the Lord Chancellor has recently reminded us, we cannot understand anything human unless we know how it grew, a description of the valley and its people should be prefaced by a brief notice of the history that lies behind them. It is, of course, but part, though a very individual part, of the history of Upper Rhaetia, the later Graubünden, and this, again, as it advances, is more and more interlaced with that of Switzerland; but in no part of the curious little patchwork of races which forms the Alpine confederation have more diverse factors combined in a more distinct and peculiar product.

The earliest historical document possessed by a people is usually its language, but that spoken by the Engadiners gives us little help as regards their origin.

It is the form of Romansch known as Ladin, one of the many languages evolved from the later Latin, and is, of course, a witness to the strong material grip, and the spiritual spell, in which Rome held half Europe; but, in truth, the population itself is as a document on which the Romans are but the last and most masterful writers. Since their time there have been only interlineations, mainly Teutonic, but many are the traces of antecedent scripts. Could we treat this human document as a palimpsest, we should probably find below the prevailing Latin the elusive and haunting Celtic romance that is woven into the past of so many European peoples; dovetailed with it, in this case, would be a grave Etruscan legend: while, beneath all, deeply indented, not to be mistaken, though not to be understood, are reminders of unchronicled races and forgotten tongues. One ethnic wave after another has surged up that ancient passage between Italy and central Europe; each as it passed or receded has contributed some component to the population, though, unless it be in names of natural features—rock and stream and hill—few have left traces in the speech.

As regards names of places, the reader will see as we proceed that the valley is a happy hunting-ground for etymologists. Volumes have been written about the name Engadine itself. The ordinary derivation, the many variations of which agree in making it mean the Valley of the Inn, seems natural and straightforward enough; but this is just what subjects it to

dark suspicion in the eyes of your true etymologist. Alternatives are not wanting, each with its contribution to constructive history. I believe respectable arguments have been adduced for tracing its parentage to the Hebrew Engaddi, after which it is but a step to identify the population with a fragment of the lost ten tribes.

Coming within the domain of stricter history, the earliest authentic material is, of course, Roman. For centuries the Rhaetian upland formed one of the ragged edges of the empire, but it was first definitely subjugated under Augustus by Drusus and Tiberius, B.C. 15, after a good deal of hard fighting that won the magniloquent admiration of Horace. This was the most fateful incident in the history of the region. During the next generations the population received an indelible imprint from the strong, adaptive mould of Roman thought and civilisation, and the *lingua romanorum rustica*, as the Rhaetian speech was termed as late as the ninth century, in an injunction of a Synod of Mainz, became their familiar tongue.

This, no doubt, facilitated the introduction of Christianity, which must have occurred early in the Roman occupation, though we have no authentic record of the manner of it. By the end of the second century the whole province was nominally Christian, and it must have been soon after that Chur, the centre of government and residence of the præses, became a bishopric.

From that time onward the history of the pro-

vince is inseparably connected with that of the see. Froude dwells somewhere on the indefeasible permanence of a bishopric: through eight chaotic centuries the bishopric of Chur seems the one enduring element in the land. The Arian controversy rent the empire in twain, bringing Rhaetia under the sway of Theodoric, the Ostrogoth: the great heretic ruled it well, after his wont: he died, and twenty years of religious war filled the Rhaetian mountains with fugitives from devastated Italy. Upper Rhaetia was made over to the Franks in return for help given to the heretics: the præses was replaced by a German count, the Roman civilisation crumbled into ruin, grass grew on the Roman roads, and the efficient Roman administration gave place to anarchy. Charles the Great, gathering the reins of empire into his strong hand, imposed something of law and order, and made the bishop his regent: he died, and in the partition of his realm Rhaetia was divided into two. The count of the upper division plundered the churches and dispossessed the clergy: Ludwig, the Pious, reinstated them. The Treaty of Verdun transferred the see from the archbishopric of Milan to that of Mainz. Huns from the East and Saracens from the West streamed over the passes, "spreading ruin and scattering ban." No vicissitude of misfortune was spared the bishopric; it was wasted, plundered, sequestrated, sold, driven often, as it seemed, into entire wreck; yet ever, when the

tyranny was overpast, when the storm had spent itself and the flood died down, men saw it standing amid ruin, uninjured and unaltered, as a thing which the changes and chances of mortal life were powerless to harm. Still it stands, shorn of its power and its splendour dimmed, yet the most venerable and imposing monument in the land, summing up in itself seventeen centuries of history.

The connection of the Upper Engadine with the see was especially close, and it was profoundly affected by the transfer of the diocese from Milan to Mainz in 843, bringing it within the range of German influence and relations. Probably about this time, if not earlier, the bishops commenced to exercise countly jurisdiction there, and their authority was confirmed by Otto III. in 988. By grants, gifts, sales, bequests, their territorial and seignorial rights were continually extended. Lands, rents, tolls, mining royalties, tithes of fishing, hunting, and farming, gathered into the large episcopal hands, till by the end of the twelfth century the bishops were the feudal lords and rulers of the whole of the Upper Engadine.

Then the history changes its trend and derives its principal interest from the slow, almost imperceptible, acquisition of rights and liberties by the communes, which seem very early to have had something of corporate existence. The frequent story of ecclesiastical encroachment is reversed; it is the little peasant community that has the "dead hand" that

never relaxed its grasp, and, here a little there a little, grasped ever more and more. The relation between the bishops and the tenants seems to have been one of friendly antagonism. The episcopal rule was in the main benevolent, of far lighter pressure than the mailed fist of the ordinary feudal lord, and the attitude of the tenants was one of deference and regard, and of pride in their connection with the great Church. When at length they cast off the episcopal leading-strings, they showed their desire to make no sudden wrench with their past, by taking the title of their purely secular organisation from the venerable institution under whose shadow it had grown up, Lia della Cadè, fœdus cathedrale, the League of God's House.

This was in 1367. The immediate object of the league was the frustration of the secret treaty which, it leaked out, was being concluded between Austria and Bishop Peter, the Bohemian, for the sale of his territorial rights, but it continued as a permanent institution, and gradually imposed its co-operation on the bishop in all matters that concerned the temporalities of the see.

The example was quickly followed. In 1424 the Grey League of Western Rhaetia, which was ultimately to give its name to the confederation, was sworn under a great sycamore at Trons, and in 1436 the "jurisdictions" of the counts of Toggenburg, fearing a partition of territory on the threatened

extinction of the house, formed the League of the Ten Jurisdictions.

A dominating consideration in the formation of all the leagues was the decay of the empire, and the capture by Austria of imperial claims and functions, thus narrowing what was, with all its imperfections, a large and beneficent ideal to the local interests of a dynasty. Gradually and tentatively the three drew together. I am not sure if modern research has not relegated their meetings at Vazerol farm, and the oath of eternal union that they are said to have sworn there in 1524, to the same historical limbo as William Tell and other picturesque friends of our childhood. There is no doubt, however, that about this date "The Free State of the Three Leagues of Upper Rhaetia" makes its appearance on the European stage, claiming to be a sovereign state under the immediate overlordship of the empire. At the head of the Cadè was a president, at the head of the Grey League a high justiciary, at the head of the Ten Jurisdictions a Landamman.

By a mixture of statutory and customary sanctions the accepted constitution of the little state was one that might have resulted from the collaboration of Pandora and Colonel Lynch. The communes enjoyed internal autonomy, and were the ultimate sovereign power. They sent delegates to a diet, which met in autumn, first at Vazerol, afterwards alternately at Chur, Ilanz and Davos; but they

held these delegates jealously in tether, obliging them to show mandate from their constituencies for their votes, allowing appeal to the communes from their decisions, and requiring the ratification of federal measures by a majority of the communes; in fact, the normal basis of the constitution was an habitual and automatic referendum. For the transaction of current business there was a committee, afterwards styled congress, consisting of the three chiefs, assisted in specified cases by a limited number of delegates; and, by way of putting a further spoke in the wheel of state, this body acted as intermediary between the communes and the diet. But the supreme stroke of genius in the provision of anarchy was the strafgericht. I suppose a strafgericht is the most truculent spectre that ever haunted a political system. Anyone might conjure it on the scene by raising the cry that the commonwealth was in danger, and calling on the flag companies to turn out. A flag company consisted of some three hundred men. If a sufficient number responded, they marched to the nearest important town, and instituted a sort of drumhead court-martial, which dealt out fines, confiscation, exile, imprisonment, torture, and capital punishment at its will. If those who took a different view on the question of the day could muster a stronger strafgericht, this would suppress the first and proceed to mete out like measure to those whose opinions differed from its own. Ultimately the diet might get together and impose a truce, annulling,

so far as remained possible, the proceedings on both sides.

This, however, was provision for the future; the young state started on its career full of enthusiasm and harmony, and in blissful ignorance of the wild oats that it was sowing. Common views and common danger led it into close alliance with the neighbouring Swiss confederation, the utility of which was soon apparent.

For the little aspirant for entry into the European family had to pay its footing in the only approved fashion. In those days a state was not taken seriously till it had shown what it could do in the matter of fighting. It may be doubted whether the world has yet got much beyond this primitive test of fitness for political existence. How many exemplary decades in the paths of peace and progress would have given Japan the position among civilised nations to which she stepped in eighteen months of tremendous military achievement. The neighbours of the leagues cheerfully afforded them the necessary opportunity. With goodwill on both sides, a respectable pretext in such matters is merely a matter of detail, and is never long in presenting itself. The abstention of the new state from the Swabian League was in itself an unfriendly act in a vassal of the empire, and when this was emphasised by alliance with the Swiss confederation, war was already latent between it and its eastern neighbours.

The government at Innsbruck was at that time dominated by the Tyrolese nobles, who were always chafing under the elementary conditions of peace and order imposed by the empire. In December 1498 it seemed to them that they could not better improve the opportunity afforded by Maximilian, the Emperor-elect, being busy in the Netherlands, than by falling on the upstart peasant community on their borders. Without a word of warning the Münsterthal was raided, a couple of villages burnt, the convent sacked and the nuns turned adrift. The leaguers as a reply made a little excursion over the Finstermünz in the following March and burnt Nauders. Up to this the game had been of a somewhat amateur character, but now more professional players were drawn in. An imperial army crossed the Finstermünz and marched up the Lower Engadine, butchering, burning and looting. Nearly the whole population fled to the Upper Engadine, and the raiders carried off, together with their booty, thirty-six of the principal burghers as hostages to Meran. This brought into play the defensive alliance between the leagues and the Swiss confederacy, which proceeded to call out its forces. In a brilliant little battle at Frastenaz a Swiss army defeated the imperial troops with great slaughter. Maximilian, who was not the man to let so congenial a game go on without having a hand in it, hurried up from the Netherlands, sending orders that as strong a force as could be got together should be assembled in the

Arlberg. At the other end of the frontier the army which had been defeated at Frastenaz was brought up to invade the Münsterthal. It had been greatly strengthened and equipped with powerful artillery, as artillery went in those days, and entrenched itself in a strong position at Calven.

The Rhaetian leaders recognised one of the frequent cases in which the soundest strategical defence is a bold offensive. At any moment the emperor might arrive, and they would find themselves at the mercy of overwhelming forces. The confederacy, it is true, had promised help, but they had their own frontier to think of, and, moreover, were not exempt from the besetting weakness of confederacies to do things by halves, and do the halves too late. For the moment the leagues had to rely on themselves, and they resolved to risk all on one cast of the die.

There was no doubt about the risk. When the forces of the Upper Engadine mustered, in the traditional Las Islas the men who knew war looked grave at the slender troop which was to be hurled against the strong ramparts of Calven. It was one of those supreme moments in a people's life which are the ultimate test of history, and the little state rose nobly to the call. From lonely farm and mountain hamlet, from distant strath and bleak lake-side, there hurried up old men still sturdy, and boys already strong, begging to be taken into the ranks that seemed mustering to die. A force

deficient in everything but hardihood and enthusiasm marched down, under the leadership of Thomas Planta, to join the Rhaetian army which was gathering at Suoz, and which finally numbered about 8000 men. The troops of the Cadè were commanded by Benedict Fontana, those of the Grey League by Hercules Capaul, those of the Ten Jurisdictions by Peter Güler. On Easter Monday, the 20th of May, they crossed the Fuorn Pass, and the same evening at Münster got into touch with the enemy.

In numbers, equipment, and warlike experience, the forces appeared hopelessly ill-matched; it must have seemed that the imperialists, numbering some 13,000, might easily have fallen on the little invading army and destroyed it on the way. But they remained doggedly behind their strong entrenchments. In truth, their caution was not misplaced; the contest was far from being as unequal as it seemed. Against the compact force of sturdy mountaineers, burning with the enthusiasm of new-born liberty and the recollection of recent outrage, the emperor's lieutenant mustered a heterogeneous host, most of whom knew little, and cared less, for what they were fighting. With troops still cowed by the slaughter of Frastenaz, were Neapolitans yearning for their sunny vineyards, and Vorarlbergers anxious to be quit of a quarrel that was none of theirs; there were Tyrolese nobles holding haughtily aloof from their peasant neighbours, and peasants

full of sullen resentment at being dragged from their homes for a barons' war; above all, in the rank and file of the army was the demoralising misgiving that they were fighting against a cause which was that of common men throughout the world; behind the slender Rhaetian ranks loomed the giant shadow of democracy.

The over-ruling consideration in the leaguers' strategy was that no time could be lost. As soon as they came in sight of the imperialist position on the evening of the 22nd, it was seen that a mere frontal attack would be hopeless, and during the night the leaders detached a third of their whole force under Ringh and Lombris to occupy a position on the Schinzenburg, which sloped steeply up from the imperialists' rear. It was already dawn when they reached the assigned position and were first perceived by the enemy: a rumour ran through the camp below, repeated in the many tongues of the motley host, that 30,000 Swiss confederates had arrived. Ringh and Lombris rested their men; then, forming them in two divisions, the numerical weakness of which and the absence of a reserve was concealed by the high ground from which they advanced, they delivered an impetuous attack where attack had not been expected and fortifications had hardly been thought of. On the other side, Fontana and Capaul held their men in hand till, more and more, the enemy's strength had been drawn into the fierce fighting in the rear. Then, as Grant

would have said, they let everything go in: it was no time to think of reserves or of any of the prudent maxims of war. But the imperialists behind their ramparts did not know that there was nothing to reinforce or replace their furious assailants: the illusion of those 30,000 Swiss obsessed them, and fighting on a double front, they believed they were beset by overwhelming numbers. Still, their strong fortifications and superiority in artillery made the fight long doubtful. Time after time the slender line of leaguers surged up to the entrenchments, and fell back ragged and broken, but ever, with indomitable purpose, the diminished wave gathered itself together and swirled untiringly round the opposing ramparts. And all the while the fierce torrent of mountaineers which had descended from the Schinzenburg was pressing on the rear. In the hottest moment of the battle, Hercules Capaul fell mortally wounded by a cannon-ball, crying with his dying breath, "Courage, lads, I am but one man less. Never mind that; it is now or never for Grey League and all Leagues." The brave words passed from mouth to mouth, exactly voicing the temper of the little host, and seemed the one thing needful to nerve them to the final effort. Thomas Planta, the Upper Engadine leader, with a body of picked mountaineers scaled a spur of the hill on the right, whence he made a furious onset on yet a third side of the bewildered imperialists. It was the beginning of the end; in all directions the leaguers swept into the entrench-

ments, and in the words of the chronicler, "it was no longer a battle but a butchery." Quarter was neither asked nor given, and, as though no note of horror should be spared to the imperialist disaster, the bridge over the Etsch, swollen and icy with the melting snows of spring, gave way under the first rush of fugitives, and left the remainder, penned like sheep for the slaughter, between raging stream and merciless foe.

The complete victory of the leagues was cheaply purchased by the loss of 300 men. The imperialist loss was estimated at 5000, a large proportion of the 13,000 engaged; their military chest, their artillery, stores, and a vast quantity of arms, fell into the hands of the victors, and were invaluable to their ill-equipped army; but of far more significance than any material loss or gain was the crushing defeat of the proud Tyrolese nobility and the trained soldiers of the empire,

> At the hands of a little people, few, but apt in the field.

The memory of this brilliant feat of arms in which their ancestors took so prominent a part is justly cherished in the Upper Engadine. On Easter Monday 1899 nearly the whole population held high festival at Suoz in commemoration of the earliest triumph of their national life. There was the solemn thanksgiving of a God-fearing people; there were the speeches, songs, and processions usual on

such occasions; but what most touched the popular imagination, and stirred the crowded Engadiners to indescribable emotion, was the unfurling in their midst of the faded and tattered banner that had floated over their fathers on the blood-stained slopes of Calven.

Væ victis was the recognised maxim of the times, and was efficiently applied by the conquerors in the few days during which they still had a free hand. Defeat had been the last thing dreamt of in the Vinstgau, and the inhabitants had taken no precaution to remove their families or hide their goods. The Rhaetians showed how well they had learnt the lesson lately taught them in the Engadine by first sacking and then burning every village within reach. The Tyrolese answer to this struck even those iron times with horror: the thirty-six hostages taken from the Engadine were brought unarmed into the market-place of Meran, and there harried to death with lances.

Audacious as the Rhaetian strategy had seemed, it had not only received the supreme sanction of success, but events showed that any more cautious course would have been disastrous. Two days after the battle Maximilian marched with 8000 troops into Landeck, and on the 28th of May, as the little host of invaders were toiling back with their booty over the Fuorn, he rode over the field of Calven, where more than a thousand of his men still lay unburied. Bursting into tears, and crying,

"Why was I not there! O why was I not there!" he swore an oath of vengeance, and on the 6th of June an imperial army of 10,000 men set out from Bormio and Livigno for the Upper Engadine with orders to waste and take possession.

But not thus was history to be undone. The nation which had been made was entrenched by nature in a fitting stronghold, and when with terrible toil the invaders had brought their artillery through the snow which still lay thick on the Casanna Pass, they found all points of vantage utilised to dispute their progress. At every narrow gorge, and from every overhanging cliff, great stones were rolled down on them, mangling men and beasts, and breaking the wheels of cart and limber, and when at length they reached their objective, they found themselves in the barren possession of an empty land.

For at the approach of the invaders, the Engadiners had hardened themselves to a great resolve. They carried their families, and all goods that could be removed, into inaccessible fastnesses in the mountains, and committed to the flames everything that could give shelter or sustenance to the enemy. When the imperial troops, weary and harassed, and having dwindled at every step, emerged into the open valley to which they had looked for rest and the reward of their labours, lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace.

They marched up as far as Ponte, only to see the

remaining villages burnt before their eyes, the inhabitants out of reach in the surrounding mountains. The sole choice left them was as to the road of return, but scouts sent beyond the charred walls that had been Pontresina found the Bernina valley so closely beset that the ascent of it to the pass was hopeless. The troops were too cowed by the horrors of the descent from the Casanna for a return by that route to be thought of. The only escape open to them was to quit the Upper Engadine and descend to Zernetz, and thence pass over the Fuorn and Buffalora passes to the Stilserjoch. The vast crowd that was no longer an army streamed down the desolated valley, harried all the way by the nimble enemy. Their sufferings are described as appalling: men dropped down from exhaustion, or flung away their arms to enable them to stagger on; some went mad with hunger and misery, and browsed upon the fields like cattle, or prowled among the smouldering ruins for any morsel of food that might have been left behind, and fought like beasts over what they found. All the while the remorseless mountaineers dogged their march, and let no straggler or forager escape. When the sad procession reached Zernetz, they found the bridges broken down, and days had to be spent in getting across the Inn, already swelling to its summer volume from the melting of the glaciers. Still their route lay through a land that could give them nothing, for the Münsterthal and Vinstgau had been so wasted by successive raids that men said

the inhabitants turned out their children to grass. The remnants of the gallant army that had left the Tyrol for the conquest of the Upper Engadine crawled back a ghastly and spirit-broken crowd that could be put to no useful purposes of war for the rest of the campaign.

I believe that recent research has abundantly shown, what must have been fully realised at the time, how much the Leagueland, and probably also the Confederation, owed to the heroic determination and self-sacrifice of the Upper Engadine. The victory of Calven would have been fruitless, and the whole course of history might have been changed, had Maximilian been able to carry out his plan of occupying this frontier valley and, sweeping over the passes, establishing himself at Chur, whence he could have subjugated in detail and at leisure the several valleys of the leagues. The interposition in his path of an empty land gave just the time that was needed for the lethargic confederacy to realise the common danger and bring its forces to bear. Gradually its troops filtered into the Leagueland, first from Uri, Zürich and Glarus, then from Bern, Lucerne and distant Friburg, and by mid-June a considerable army had mustered at Chur, whence it proceeded over the passes into the Engadine.

They found the work they came for done, but there was still plenty left for them to do. Chur and the Upper Rhineland were safe behind the wasted Engadine, but there remained a long frontier of the

allies on which the forces of the empire and the Swabian League were gathering, and it was only after six bloody battles that Maximilian consented to treat on any terms of mutual concession. On the 22nd September 1500, representatives of the exhausted combatants concluded peace at Basel, among the provisions of which was the independence of the Free State of the three leagues.

Through a baptism of blood and fire, to use a favourite figure of its chroniclers, the infant state had passed into the European family, and it may be safely said that neither exemplary conduct nor assertion of the inalienable rights of man would have been of like avail. An aggregate of humanity is seldom made into a nation in ways of pleasantness and paths of peace, but by being

> heated hot with burning fears,
> And bathed in hissing baths of tears,
> And battered with the strokes of doom
> To shape and use.

I have dwelt on this opening episode in the independent life of the Leagueland at greater length than would be possible with the rest of its history, both because the Upper Engadine was specially concerned in it, geographical position entailing on it the brunt of battle and of sacrifice, and also because it was the period in which the temper of the state rose to its highest level.

The subsequent history is not such pleasant

KLOSTERS WITH THE KANARTHORN
AND WEISSHORN FROM THE RAILROAD.

reading. Well would it have been for the leagues if they could have rested content with the independence so hardly won within the limits that had sufficed their fathers. With that splendid dawn behind them, they might have passed their after-day in the proverbial happiness of the people that have no history. As it was, for a century and a half they had history enough, but happiness was far to seek. Far to seek also was the noble temper and lofty self-sacrifice which had assured their freedom. Perhaps it was not in human nature that a people who had proved their strength should have remained entrenched in their barren uplands, and given the world an example of "plain living and high thinking." East and south of their inhospitable mountains were facile descents to generous and sunny valleys whose history was but a record of transfer from one overlordship to another. The Valtelline, in which term was included both the Valtelline proper and the allied valleys of Bormio and Bregaglia, was to be for nearly two centuries the dominating consideration of Rhaetian politics. In 1404 it had been transferred in due legal form to the bishopric of Chur by Mastino Visconti of Milan, as a token of gratitude for the hospitality shown him during his exile. For a long while the episcopal possession was of a somewhat shadowy character, but its legal validity seems to have been generally allowed, and was recognised by Milan and by the empire. The leagues had gradually come to look on themselves

as the political heirs of the bishopric. The bishopric, it is true, felt in no immediate need of heirs, but on the conclusion of the Musso war, in the course of which the leagues had satisfied themselves of the value of the territory by thoroughly plundering it, their merely colourable claims were enforced by the cogent logic of armed possession. An agreement was then come to by which the bishop transferred to them his sovereignty in return for an annual payment.

Thus, in an evil hour for their souls, the Rhaetians entered on a possession that was to prove a veritable *damnosa hereditas*. For the sake of those enchanting valleys they were to sacrifice all the higher ideals of national life, they were to see their land wasted and their villages sacked and burnt, their fortresses garrisoned by their hereditary foes, the mountain passes which should have assured their freedom made strongholds of the oppressor, and, worse than all, their state torn by fratricidal strife and the population given over to an ignoble scramble for foreign bribes and hire.

For the leagues were not alone in desiring the Valtelline, and by annexing it they brought their little state within the interplay of vast forces which they could neither control nor comprehend. The conflict of aims and interests which culminated in the chaotic waste and bloodshed of the Thirty Years' War, was about to make that immemorial highway between Italy and Central Europe of vital

importance to two great powers, and of keen interest to all the rest. We have in our own day seen in another continent the demoralising effect on a community of simple, God-fearing farmers of finding themselves the possessors of what all the world wants. The primitive institutions which served their fathers are unequal to the complex situation, the opportunities for the facile acquisition of wealth sap the ancient integrity, the state becomes honeycombed with corruption, and moral barriers are lost in a venal and shifty diplomacy.

Thus it was in the Leagueland. The mountaineers found themselves courted by half the world; envoys from distant and brilliant courts vied with one another in winning the good graces of the stolid Rhaetians, and found, moreover, that their good graces could only be won by very substantial arguments. The great families, the Plantas, de Salis, and others, to whom in the days of humbler aims and nobler temper the State had owed so much, led the game, but by no means had it all to themselves. The democratic constitution gave every peasant a voice in the policy of the State, and the whole population were gradually drawn into unseemly competition for foreign money, pensions, titles, privileges, and what not.

To this sordid strife was added the bitterness of religious dissension. Europe was then in the throes of the Reformation. The Leagueland was able, by virtue of its extreme decentralisation, to pass

through the crisis with less strain and friction than occurred elsewhere. Had it had no foreign policy, it might have succeeded in this, as in so many other matters, in making the lion lie down with the lamb in neighbourly tolerance. In 1526, at the inception of the controversy, the diet, with a wisdom altogether beyond the times, declared that a man's belief was a matter between God and himself, that individual conscience and practice should be free, and that each commune could decide for itself whether its church should be the domain of priest or preacher. In these circumstances Protestantism was, of course, for some time somewhat sporadic, but gradually the two persuasions fell into a more or less geographical distribution. The Grey League in the main, abode by the old faith, the Ten Jurisdictions and the Lower Engadine became strongly Protestant, with patches of Catholicism here and there, as at Münster, Tarasp, and in the Samnaun; the territory of God's House was much divided, but for the most part the districts round the Cathedral town remained Catholic. The Upper Engadine, with which we are more especially concerned, took longer than any other district in making up its mind. The sober and tolerant temper bred by the give-and-take of self-government was perhaps reinforced by a reluctance to sever the long and intimate connection with the bishopric. They would probably have preferred a real reformation, could they have had it, to a schism. For more than a generation they stood halting between two opinions.

And though, one by one, the communes ultimately decided for Protestantism, it usually required, as we shall see in the first of such decisions at Pontresina, some fiery Elijah from without to rush them over the threshold on which they were hesitating. Had they been left to themselves they might have struck out some local compromise such as we arrived at in England. But they were not enough of an island for that; profound Germans on one side of them, and enthusiastic Italians on the other, were for ever bringing home the necessity of being one thing or the other to men with an inherited aptitude for being two things at once. So, by the end of 1626, the Upper Engadine had become distinctly, though not enthusiastically Protestant, and the Free State was definitively divided against itself on the questions that most deeply sunder the souls of men.

All Europe was at the same time gathering into two hostile camps, ostensibly on the same questions, though the real aims and motives of the different states were very various, and by no means very religious. If we may apply to those times the terms of modern political slang, the policy of the greater powers may be described as one of wire-pulling and axe-grinding. Austria combined sincere bigotry with a healthy appetite for land; ranged behind her were the lesser states of South Germany, actuated partly by neighbourhood, partly by prescriptive allegiance to the empire, that ghost of imperial Rome which still haunted the European polity. The dynastic tie

of the empire had drawn the tentacles of Spain from one peninsula to the other; they had already clutched Naples, Milan and some smaller states, and were ever extending their grasp. Inspiring or disconcerting these, was the stealthy and shifting diplomacy of the Vatican.

On the other side, the arch wire-puller was Richelieu, who, having stamped out the Huguenots at home, posed as the champion of religious liberty abroad. Behind France were: England, fitfully and financially; the United Provinces, fighting for dear life, the North German States from mixed motives of their own; Venice, Savoy, and the smaller states of Italy, trembling before the voracity of Austria and Spain; while, in the forefront of the battle, was Sweden, the one power, which, as represented by her brilliant and heroic king, was single-minded in the struggle.

In the stress of these vast conflicting forces, reflecting within itself their complex sympathies and antagonisms, the little state was wrenched and strained almost to complete undoing. Its policy oscillated with the unstable balance of its own party warfare, or with the shifting fortunes of the larger struggle, or according as the support of one or other of the combatants seemed best to ensure its possession of the Valtelline. This became a sort of political conscience to which all else was subordinated and by which every policy was tried; no matter to whom or to what they were false, to this, amid

all tergiversations, "faith, unfaithful, kept them falsely true."

Their final change of front occurred when France was represented by the Duc de Rohan, "the good Duke," as they loved to call him, their debt to whom, they averred, as with honeyed words they bowed him across their frontier, would be inadequately expressed were they to raise a statue to him on every peak of their mountain land.

This was in 1637. Fifteen years before the League-land had entered on a hard experience. A humiliating settlement at Milan had seemed to rivet on it the yoke of Austria, who was to occupy the passes and quarter garrisons in the villages for twelve years. Baldiron, a harsh though able man, was appointed governor. Hardly a pretence at just government was made; yet so corrupted was the national temper by party strife, and so broken by long disaster, that neither outrage nor spoliation seemed able to rouse the old heroism. At length, as though in mere wantonness of despotism, Baldiron was directed to banish the evangelical pastors from the Prättigau, and place the population under the tutelage of the Capuchins, the most fanatic and most illiterate of the orders of Rome, singular disciples of the gentlest of saints. The prospect of seeing the sinister pointed hoods in the churches of their fathers appeared a last and intolerable indignity, and a wave of passionate indignation swept over the land. A general uprising was headed by Rudolph de Salis, seconded by Jürg

Jenatsch, a pastor who in the wild times had taken up the sword. For a moment it seemed as though the desperate effort might succeed. Trusting to the spell of terror that they had cast over the desolated land, the Austrians had reduced their garrisons to mere skeletons, which were overpowered before they could concentrate. Even the fiery Baldiron recognised that resistance was for the moment hopeless, and capitulated at Chur. The ancient confederation of the leagues was solemnly renewed. Help was promised from Switzerland, Venice, and the Netherlands, but it came slowly and in driblets, and, meanwhile, Baldiron reappeared in overwhelming strength. The small and ill-equipped force of de Salis made a dogged resistance, but was slowly pressed back and dispersed.

The Austrian army then commenced a merciless progress through the land, and a great fear fell on the people as they saw amid the plumes and helms of the leaders, the hoods of the hated Capuchins. All previous records of barbarity were outdone. Old men, women, and children were aimlessly butchered; every village was sacked and burnt to the ground. On the 6th September the hard conditions of peace were laid down. The Val Münster, Lower Engadine, and Prättigau were annexed to Austria. In the rest of the Leagueland the Bishop of Chur was reinstated in his ancient rights; Protestantism was proscribed, and the churches made over to the Capuchins.

In this darkest hour of the forces that fought for

freedom, help came from hands which might have still seemed red with the gruesome work of St Bartholomew's Eve. True to the cynical French policy of the time, which neglected no weapon that could serve its turn, Richelieu, having compacted all the lesser states of Europe into a great machine for breaking the Austro-Spanish domination, appealed to the most illustrious of his Huguenot enemies, the Duc de Rohan, then in exile at Venice, to captain their motley host. De Rohan, one of the most brilliant soldiers, and one of the loftiest and most lovable characters of the day, readily consented. He at once obtained complete ascendancy over the ill-assorted allies, and with masterly soldiering cleared the Austrians and Spaniards out of the Leagueland and the Valtelline, where they had seemed firmly established.

It was soon clear, however, that Richelieu had not set half Europe by the ears to win the Valtelline for the leagues. Its control by France was as a two-edged sword in her hand, keeping the way between Austria and Spain, which she would not readily lay down; and the instructions sent to Rohan showed that the little state was to have a predominant partner, with conditions that reduced its sovereignty to a name. The feeling of bitter disappointment, and distrust of their great ally, was aggravated by the stipulated military pay from France being hopelessly in arrear. Then it was that, under the guidance of Jürg Jenatsch, the

leagues determined to show the great cardinal that duplicity was a game that two could play at.

They certainly played it thoroughly. Jenatsch, the ex-evangelical preacher, the fiery leader of reform, the ardent partisan of the French connection and the life-long enemy of Austria, the trusted lieutenant of the chivalrous Rohan, decided that the interests of his country could best be served by a reversal of its whole policy, and the renunciation of all its engagements.

Thinking that his plans could be best promoted by a change of faith, he publicly abjured the reformed doctrines, and professed those of Rome. Then, utilising the passports he held from Rohan, he passed with a legation through the bewildered posts of the allies to Innsbruck, where he settled the basis of a treaty with Austria.

All this time Rohan was lying ill at Sondrio. As soon as he learnt what was passing, he travelled over the passes in a litter to Chur, only to find the situation hopeless. The concerted rising against the French took place; tardy concessions from France, which Rohan had been earnestly pressing on Richelieu, came too late; nothing was left him but to submit to the disarmament of his troops and lead them out of the land that he had delivered.

This was on the 5th of May 1637. On the 25th, a treaty, based on the Innsbruck agreement, was concluded at Milan. The leagues obtained the coveted sovereignty of the Valtelline, subject to

the passage of Austrian and Spanish troops and the proscription of Protestantism. Within the Leagueland itself religion was to be free. The Lower Engadine and the Eight Jurisdictions were to be released from all Austrian claims for a payment afterwards fixed at 858,000 francs. The devastated country contrived to raise the large sum, and in 1748 the Münsterthal also was redeemed from Austria for 170,000 francs.

Jenatsch is a good example of the extent to which the question of the Valtelline had hypnotised the statesmanship, and even the moral sense, of the Rhaetians. Revolting though his conduct seems, he was yet no vulgar traitor. He would probably have said with Cavour that he had done for his country what none but a scoundrel would do for himself; we may think his patriotism misguided, but we cannot refuse to recognise its whole-heartedness. Other men have given for their country life and fortune, but Jenatsch gave repute and honour, and plighted word, nay even, he very likely thought, his immortal soul. There seems no doubt that he was a convinced and ardent Protestant; when he abjured the faith of a lifetime, and professed doctrines that he did not believe, he probably felt that he was guilty of deadly sin, but he deemed his country's good demanded it, and what was his paltry soul that its salvation should stand in the way? Like a better man before him, he was ready to be accursed for his brethren's sake.

Thus by dint of blood poured out like water and intrigue that knew no scruple, at the price of impoverishment, humiliation and indescribable suffering, the leagues were once more masters of the Valtelline. They remained so for about two hundred years, governing it not unjustly nor harshly, as government went in those days, though, of course, alien rule based on force was diametrically opposed to the principles of their own national existence. In 1797, Napoleon, in the course of setting Europe to rights on the principle of liberty backed by bayonets, intimated to the various little Alpine republics that bailiwicks must cease. He was willing to deal with the Valtelline as with Vaud, constituting it a fourth league, federated with the others, the whole to be ultimately incorporated in the Helvetic Republic. The three Rhaetian leagues could not make up their minds whether they would have this or not, the Protestant element dreading the introduction of such a large and purely Catholic district. While they were hesitating and debating, Napoleon decided that time was up, and on the 22nd of October 1797, by a stroke of the pen conferred the coveted territory on the Cis-Alpine Republic which he had created. With the rest of that short-lived state, it became in 1805 part of the not much longer lived kingdom of Italy, of which the great Corsican was king. In 1815 it was assigned to Austria, and after half a century in her hands its long history of being bandied about from one alien ruler to another was closed by

its assuming its natural place as part of the kingdom of Italy. The Swiss, however, cannot forget that the magnificent heritage was lost to the Confederation by the characteristic inability of the Rhaetians to make up their minds.

The question of the Valtelline was not the only one in which the leagues failed to fall in with the views of their masterful protector. Napoleon desired that they should accept what seemed their natural destiny by becoming part of the Helvetic Republic. Entry into the Swiss Confederation had been an obvious step over which they had been hesitating through the three centuries of their national life. But now it was not the familiar, neighbourly confederation, but the "Helvetic Republic, one and indivisible," a title of which the foreign flavour, and the suggestion of irrevocability, were alike repugnant to the Rhaetian mind. Its recommendation by a masterful outsider did not add to its chances of adoption by the popular vote to which the question was submitted. The French are adepts at manipulating plebiscites, but in this case they had to do with a population among whom the principle of the modern nostrum had been domesticated for centuries, with the disconcerting result that a plebiscite expressed the wishes of the people, and not the will of authorities. A majority of the communes decided against entry into the republic, and the autocratic democrat, not choosing to have this irresponsible little factor in his European equation, sent an army for their political

education. Thereupon, Austria and Russia sent others, with the unwonted mission of upholding popular rights, and the little state became a cockpit for the battle of its would-be benefactors. Ultimately the discomforts of protection, and the manifest impossibility of standing alone, induced the population to acquiesce quietly in the "Act of Mediation" of 1813, since which Graubünden has been a canton of the Swiss Confederation. The inhabitants have never regretted the position, indeed they express their satisfaction with it by speeches and fireworks on the 1st of August every year, but it may be doubted if they would have ever assumed it had they been left to themselves.

With some changes in terminology, the constitution has remained very much what it always had been, and any modifications have been made by the people themselves. It is among the most democratic in Switzerland, but nowhere is the body politic more stable or more satisfied. It may be averred, indeed, that this is but self-satisfaction—always a conservative element—for the Bündners can say with truth: "*L'état, c'est nous.*" Nowhere has the popular will been so universally brought to bear on public affairs; every man over twenty is a voter: any proposal initiated by 3000 voters must be submitted to the people: such submission is automatic in the case of constitutional changes, legislation, government conventions, procedure for putting federal laws into execution (where such procedure is not provided

by the law itself), and proposals of the Grand Council involving a capital outlay of 100,000 francs, or an annual expenditure of 30,000 francs.

The whole population is, in fact, in permanent committee for the management of its own affairs. The people themselves discharge the function of a second chamber, while possessing the authority that popular election usually gives more amply to the first; at the same time, the last word of the constitution rests with them: it is as though the whole British electorate were made members of the House of Peers and invested with the prerogatives of the Crown.

Coincident with this is the federal tie, giving in flagrant form that double sovereignty which to the academic jurist seems a contradiction in terms. The fact that it is so makes it an admirable expression of the spirit of Swiss polity. The fundamental contradiction is repeated over and over in details. Throughout the political machinery are arrangements which logically should produce deadlock, but which practically work without a hitch.

It may be questioned whether a constitution such as that of Graubünden would be practicable in a larger and more complex community. It certainly would not be so without the long antecedent education of the history during which it has been evolved, and by which tolerance and compromise have been woven into the national fibre. Undoubtedly, where practicable, it results in a stability and contentment,

a conservative progress, a wholesome and educative interest in public affairs, which are worth far more to a people than administrative efficiency, though there is no reason to think that, in the present case, such efficiency has been sacrificed.

MONT BLANC FROM ABOVE FINHAUT.

CHAPTER II

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

ONE is somewhat surprised to see inscribed over the post-stables at Silvaplana:

ILLE TERRARUM MIHI PRÆTER OMNES ANGULUS RIDET.

Surprised, because we do not ordinarily think of stables or the postal service as haunts of classic culture, but those who know the Upper Engadine will deem that, though he who put these words of Horace there, did so with special reference to Silvaplana, they aptly express their feeling about the whole district: there is something about that high-lying, broad-stretched valley, which gives it a peculiar, and quite individual place in the geography of memory.

This, as I have said, is to those who know it. More than most holiday resorts, it needs knowing. An artist of my acquaintance who went there left next day, saying there was nothing for him to do. The scenery is not of the dramatic, overmastering sort that takes the beholder by storm, and imprints

itself indelibly on his mind. It has seemed good to the artist to give us examples of some such scenes in the illustrations of this book, and it needs but the most casual turning of the leaves to see that the Engadine has nothing to compete with them. It has no imperial dome like that which looms above the valley of Chamonix, amid chaotic wildernesses of ice and snow; no austerely graceful pyramid, such as stands by Zermatt in stern aloofness from the giants that ring it round; no range of shining peaks with the superb serenity and repose of those that are set over the romantic vales of the two Lutschines; none of its highways wind under dazzling snows such as tower in unforgettable magnificence above the Stelvio Pass. He who, in debating in which of the well-known haunts of Switzerland he will pass his holiday, turns fondly to the Upper Engadine, has to admit that he can give no better reason for his preference than that which Montaigne gave for loving his friend, and say that it is because he is he, and it is it. The reason is quite sufficient for himself, but he does not expect it to convince another; still less will he ask an artist to portray, or a writer to describe, that compelling charm.

A newcomer entering the Upper Engadine in the usual way, after slowly winding up a valley, which can hardly be matched in picturesque variety, and passing through the tunnel under the Albula, may almost feel that he has passed from the romantic

THE ORTLER FROM THE STELVIO ROAD.

to the commonplace. Nor, as he proceeds, will the impression be greatly changed. There is about the scenery, as seen from train or post, a sombre monotony that seldom rises into grandeur, and rarely relaxes into prettiness. In truth, it is not scenery to be seen from train or post. There are places in which one would wish always to be a newcomer, of which the first view strikes with a rapture that no after acquaintance quite equals. But the Engadine is not of these. She reserves all her charms for her own familiar friends. The newcomer must have become one of them before he feel it. Slowly but surely the Engadine will weave her spell around him. She will lead him over flowery slopes, by long lakes of the valley, through far-stretched labyrinths of hoary forest, which seem survivals of an earlier world, amid chaotically strewn rocks, splintered and riven, as though from some battle of the Titans, yet so decked with verdure and blossom as to suggest not ruin but repose. She will take him where little tarns sleep in the great lap of the mountain and flashing cataracts festoon the cliffs, and, yet above these, into a great white world of light and loveliness, that he may know that, though he but rarely see them from highway and hotel, she too has her shining domes and mystic peaks shut away from lower earth in unspeakable serenity. And, when he would rest and dream, she will couch him on springy undergrowth in spacious shade, beneath interwoven boughs, which the deep blue

heaven seems to touch, where he can hear the lapping of water on the crag, and see its green glint between giant stems. She will show him quaint and ancient homes of men, which appear to have dreamed away the centuries where they stand, looking more a feature of the landscape than the handiwork of man. And all the while, and everywhere, she will steep his senses in an air which makes mere living a delight.

All this the Engadine will do if time be given her to have her way, but, meanwhile, it were vain to tell that disappointed newcomer that he would do well to be fascinated.

We have supposed him to enter the valley, as most do, by the Albula tunnel. The first village he will come to is Bevers; probably he will not get out there; if he be pressed for time, it is hardly worth while to get out. But if he be one of those happy travellers who have neither goal nor itinerary, who are not hampered by the necessity, nor haunted by the ambition, of getting to a certain place by a certain day, nor of doing a given area of country in a given time, if, happier still, he do not depend on post or rail, but, on emerging from the tunnel at Spinas, have taken to his feet, or, perchance, taken his wheel out of the luggage-van and coasted at his leisure down the gentle slope to Bevers, crossing, recrossing, and accompanying the pellucid and babbling Beverin, he may well loiter for half an hour in the village and make a first acquaintance with the quaint old

Engadine buildings, which are one of the charms of the valley.

In the single street of Bevers, which widens at its upper end into an irregular square, are some excellent specimens. The walls are about a yard thick, broadening towards the ground; this spreading out at the base, like the trunk of a tree, gives a comfortable, established look to the Engadine house, *j'y suis, j'y reste,* "I'm here to stay," it seems to assert, and the dates on many of them show that they have stayed for several centuries. A characteristic aspect is given by the numerous small, deep-set windows, their painted shutters opening against the splay of the wall; the apertures are faced with projecting iron gratings, bowed in their lower half, and often elaborate examples of smithwork. The good old times must have afforded very imperfect security to life and property in the valley, to judge from the careful guarding of every opening. As characteristic as these deep-set windows, are those that project in an angle, with a tapering roof, flattened back to the wall and often quaintly bowed and curved; sometimes they are so rude as almost to seem hewn out of a protruding stone, at others elaborately carved and ornamented.

As a rule, the basement is a depôt for carts and agricultural implements, and is entered by a broad arch in front, over which on either side flights of steps lead to the principal door, which is often much carved and panelled and fitted with excellent iron-

work. Throughout the valley the old iron-work is of very high quality, both in workmanship and design, and specimens of modern work which were shown me by Signur Hartmann at St Moritz prove that the hand of the Engadiner smith has not forgotten its cunning; only a demand is necessary for the work of to-day to be a worthy continuation of the past.

About two-thirds of the house are usually devoted to stables below and hay-loft above, though these sometimes form a separate building. The stables have deep-set, square windows, with the inevitable iron grating, as though it were feared that cows might escape, or be abstracted through them. The hay above is ventilated by openings, 20 to 30 feet high, arched at the top, filled in with ruddy, deep-hued pine or larch, perforated in good designs.

The unhewn stone of the building is coated with plaster, drab- or white-washed, decorated with conventional architectural fresco in brown or grey. The effect is quaint and pleasing, but undoubtedly plaster, without which the unhewn stone would not exclude damp, is, as regards appearance, the weak point of Engadine architecture. We English, who can hardly dissociate an old building from grey stone or mellow brick, tattered and worn by weather, and touched with a thousand delicate shades by moss and lichen, or who remember the deep and tender hues that time has laid on old timber chalets in other parts of Switzerland, cannot but regret that here man

builds with material on which time can never have its perfect work, which knows hardly any mean between crude newness and shabby dilapidation. We realise what is lost when we look from the walls of the Engadine house to its roof. This is usually of irregularly shaped slabs of schist, covered with rich-tinted, tawny lichen, forming a delicious note of colour in the landscape.

The houses are as characteristic within as without. I know no more charming interior than that of the well-to-do Engadine peasant. The walls and ceilings are panelled with the arolla or cembra pine, often elaborately carved, and having a pleasant, resinous odour. One side of the room is occupied by a sort of glorified dresser, a complex array of shelves and drawers and cupboards, suggestive, I know not with what truth, of highly organised housekeeping. In one corner is a great stone stove, screened with open woodwork, that terminates above in a balustrade round the top of the stove, on which, it is said, the children slept in winter. Between the stove and the wall, a little staircase mounts to a trap door in the ceiling, opening into the bedrooms above, which thus, in severe weather, could be entered without passing through the outer draughts. Very notable is the excellence of all the metal work; the elaborate locks and hinges are often a perfect study.

Many of the older kitchens are fine subjects for an artist—vaulted rooms, black with the smoke of centuries. Above the open fireplace is a huge

stone hood, up which a certain portion of the smoke finds its way, the rest devoting itself to the sombre decoration of the interior.

Just beyond the lower end of the village is a house of the de Salis, a family famous in the history of the valley. Rudolf de Salis, whose leading part in the desperate rising against Austrian tyranny in 1622 has been already mentioned, is often called the second founder of the state. Those who have explored the neighbourhood of Chur will remember the beautiful renaissance palace belonging to the family near Zizers. The Hotel Wylly at Soglio was another of their palaces, and it is interesting to note arolla among the more careless southern foliage in the ruinate park; the Engadine family evidently wished to have around them the stately tree characteristic of their native valley.

An inscription on the house at Bevers records that it was built in the sixteenth century, and restored in 1895 by the architect Hartmann, of whose accomplished son I shall have occasion to speak later. The old style has been perhaps more followed in detail than in spirit, but the most casual passer-by cannot fail to notice the beautiful letter-box in wrought iron let into the massive wall; so far as I know, it has never occurred to any one, except in this little village, that a letter-box might as well be beautiful as ugly. A curious sundial on the wall is, if one may judge from its figures, only able to improve the shining hours from mid-day to four.

Chesa-de-Salis

By the kindness of Signur de Salis, my wife and I were shown over the house, which is a museum of beautiful old furniture. Specially notable is a large old stove of blue and white earthenware in the drawing-room. Between it and the wall steps lead up to a seat all in the same earthenware, and then ascend to a room above.

Except that it has the obviousness of which philologists bid us beware, there seems no reason not to accept the derivation of Bevers which connects it with the Italian bevero, the late Latin bibrum. The name of the village is said to be found as Beverum as far back as 1139. At the commencement of the era, the beaver was much more diffused throughout Europe than now; moreover, the word appears to have been applied to the otter, which is said still to be found in the Beverin, the stream which descends to the Inn from glaciers at the head of the valley; the wary, night-roaming creatures may exist in considerable numbers without their human neighbours having much knowledge of them, especially in a district in which there are few mud banks on which their spoor would be impressed. The acceptance of the reformation by the Engadine doubtless conduced to the peacefulness of their lives, for the Roman church classed them with fish as food for fast days.

The charming Val Bevers is very interesting to the naturalist. If my hypothetical visitor who coasted down the lower reach of it did so in June,

he could not have failed to note, even from his saddle, the unwonted appearance of Alpine flowers in the flat lush meadows by which he passed. Amid meadow grass, rampion, and ox-eyed daisies, he can gather Alpine clover, mountain asters, arnica, androsace obtusifolia, gentiana nivalis, veronica alpina, and the like. Seeing these wild mountain plants, for which elsewhere one has to search high and far, thus domesticated in homely fields, strikes one with something of the surprise felt by the prophet when he saw the lion of the future eat straw like the ox.

Near Spinas, where the rail enters the tunnel, the valley turns southward and forms a profound furrow separating the small mountain block which rises into the Piz Ot, from the main chain of the Piz d'Err. The latter is represented on the west by the grim, granite line of the Crasta Mora, "the black ridge," whose indented edge and creviced sides are a favourite haunt of the golden eagle and smaller birds of prey.

Here the last bear killed in the district was shot by the famous hunter Spinas, who wounded it near Tiefenkastel and tracked it for three days, finally coming up with it in the Val Bevers.

The valley terminates in a vast amphitheatre whence the Beverin has its sources in the Flex, Err, Fienogl and Trentoveras glaciers. All these lie high above on the edge of the great terraces which cradle the ice-field feeding them. This eastern side

of the Err mass is a striking contrast to the western face, on whose abrupt, steep sides hardly any accumulation of ice is possible.

The glaciers that overhang the head of the Val Bevers are but shrunken relics of the one great tongue in which they all once converged, and which stretched to the mighty ice-stream that creaked and groaned and rumbled lethargically down the valley, where now flashes the thin white thread of the impetuous Inn. All the way are to be noticed records of that great tongue; specially noticeable are the old terminal moraines, which mark its several halts in its slow retreat to the high mountain fastnesses where still the ice-king holds his own.

A ramble up the Val Bevers can be pleasantly prolonged over the Fuorcla Suvretta to Campfer, where two high roads and various paths lead in a little over a mile to St Moritz and the rail.

CHAPTER III

SAMADEN

The rail and road turn south-west at Bevers, and in two miles and a half take us to Samaden. There are fine views on the left: in the foreground are flat meadows seamed with the sinuous blue ribbon of the Inn; above these flats stretch the sombre Fulun and Choma forests; on the right the broad cleft head of the Piz Margna blocks the end of the valley; left of it gleam the snowy masses of the Tschierva, Bernina, and Palu peaks; nearer to us is the Piz Rosatsch, while still more to the left, sentinelled by the famous Piz Languard, is the entrance to the Bernina valley, the long line of the Pontresina villages lying on its threshold.

Administratively, Samaden is the chief village of the Upper Engadine. It contains many picturesque examples of typical Engadine architecture, among others the present Krone Inn, beside which is a fine house of the Plantas, one of the most ancient families of the valley, whose name is writ large on almost every page of its history. Dr Ernest Lechner, in

Das Oberengadin, a book full of curious learning, brightened with poetry and humour, gives an interesting account of the family. They are said to have come from Italy near the commencement of the Christian Era. In the thirteenth century they succeeded the Lords of Ponte Sarazeno, now Pontresina, as stewards of the Bishop of Chur, who had by that time acquired territorial rights over the whole of the Upper Engadine. A Planta commanded the contingent supplied by the Upper Engadine to the army of the three leagues in the war of independence, and led the flank attack which decided the day at Calven. From that time onward members of the family always occupied important positions in the Free State and in the bailiwick of the Valtelline, and earned unenviable, but by no means solitary, notoriety in the civil strife and foreign intrigue entailed by that fateful acquisition. They and the de Salis, of one of whose houses I spoke at Bevers, were the respective heads of the rival factions which in latter times were known as the Patriots and the Fatherlanders or Oldleaguers, and may be broadly described as the Whigs and Tories of Rhaetian politics. Engadiner-like, the family have migrated widely; numbers of them have risen to high position in many European armies, and in the latter half of the eighteenth century Joseph Planta, a "humanist" in the controversy of the time, and a philologist of note, was head librarian of the British Museum. His son took to politics, and was some time an

English minister. A lady of the name is mentioned by Fanny Burney as in the household of Queen Charlotte.

The house is a fine example of the more important domestic architecture of the valley. It has the massive walls, the wide, round-arched entrance door, the numerous deep-set windows, protected by wrought iron gratings, which have been seen on a humbler scale at Bevers.

It is as interesting inside as out. I was once fortunate enough to be taken over it by the old housekeeper, who had lived there forty-seven years, and knew the history of every corner of it, and of every stick of its furniture. Many of the rooms are tapestried; I specially remember one little drawing-room, panelled half-way up, the upper half hung with some quaint old fabric, a floral pattern of rich blue velvet on a ground of drab linen. In this, as in many of the other rooms, was a fine old stove in blue-and-white earthenware. The most beautiful stove in the house, however, was one in a small room on the left of the principal entrance, which is said to have come from a monastery in Aargau; among the many crowded figures painted on its tiles, were various saints and allegorical representations of the material elements and the moral virtues: a most rich and pleasing piece of colour. Very pleasing, too, was the quaint painting of the doors, both those of the cupboards in the massive walls, and those in the deep-panelled embrasures between the rooms.

Churches

St Peters at Samaden has long had a sort of primacy among the churches of the Upper Engadine, and has many representative functions. At dawn on Easter Day its bells alone in the valley peal out the glad tidings of the festival, and I am told that in the clear air, and at that quiet hour, their sonorous tones can be heard throughout its entire length. Its walls bear the date 1491, but this must refer only to the rebuilding of the nave when the growth of the population required a larger church, or after one of the many fires by which, at one time or another, ruthless foe or careless friend has destroyed every village in the valley; the Romanesque tower must have been built as far back as the tenth or eleventh century.

In England the church is usually the most interesting building in the village, but this is not so in Samaden, and is seldom the case in Switzerland. There are old churches in plenty, but both care and neglect have combined to denude them of nearly all the interesting features which the bell towers often show that they must have possessed. These towers, frequently capped with good stone spires, retain traces of excellent work, romanesque and gothic, but, even here, it is rare that the old tracery has not been ruthlessly removed.

Protestantism is often blamed for this vandalism, but I do not think that in Switzerland there is much to choose between the two persuasions; such difference as there is, is somewhat of the nature of

that expressed in two different estimates of George the Fourth. Some one remarked that he had no taste. "On the contrary," said another, "he has a great deal of taste, but it's bad." Swiss Protestants and Catholics have alike ruthlessly obliterated the past. I am not sure that I do not prefer the bare and cold interiors by which the former fondly think they "typify the purity and simplicity of the Gospel," to the profusion of gaudy ornament and tawdry decoration which represent the "æsthetic appeal" of Rome.

It is pleasant to notice that of late years several small churches have been built in Switzerland which are excellent examples of the old style without being servile imitations. The little church at Rennaz, a Vaudois hamlet, that of Röthenbach in the Emmental, and the Chapel of Pregny near Geneva, may be mentioned as instances. The charming church and many other buildings constructed in all too fugitive "staff" for the Geneva Exhibition of 1896, showed that if modern Swiss architecture leaves much to be desired, it is not for lack of architects imbued with the spirit of the old styles. Unfortunately, those who pay the piper insist on calling the tune, little competent though they may be to do so. As a Swiss architect once said to me, "Were I to suggest to one of my clients requiring an hotel a plan that would commend itself to you or me, he would show me the door. You might as well send your publisher a poem when he asked you for a guide-book."

Piz Ot

No one who is equal to a somewhat stiff walk should leave Samaden without getting the superb view from the Piz Ot. It is little, if at all, inferior to that from the more famous Languard, which overtops it by some fifty feet. The latter part of the walk was formerly rather an arduous undertaking, but through the liberality and public spirit of the veteran botanist, Signur Krättli of Bevers, iron rods have been fixed in the most awkward places. From the church of St Peters a bridle-path mounts in zigzags to the Valetta da Samaden, a deep amphitheatre, strewn with the wreckage of the grim peaks around, showing many traces of the glacial action, which commenced the work of denudation that wind, rain, sun and frost are still busily prosecuting, wasting and wearing down the "everlasting hills." Thus are the weak things of the earth elected to confound the things that are mighty. Turning to the left up the Valetta, the bridle-road ends at the Fontauna fraida, whence a steep path takes us up the final pyramid. I will not attempt to describe the view from the summit. The panorama from the Languard given by the invaluable Baedeker enables one to identify most of its details. On the south-east the Bernina group towers in all its splendour, with the noble peaks of the Disgrazia to the right of it. Still more to the right one looks up the chain of Upper Engadine lakes, while, almost due east, is seen the whole length of the Bernina Valley, with the twin black and white lakes lying on the pass at its head. Turning west, one

looks over the serrated battlements of Crasta Mora into the Albula Valley; beyond which, as indeed on all sides, a crowded array of mountains rise like the billows of a sea.

Disraeli makes Coningsby speak of a view from a summit in the Jura as a sight for which he will ever thank God. This is just the feeling when one is fortunate enough to be on some commanding point of view such as the Piz Ot on a clear day. Indeed, except in the all too frequent cases in which, after toiling to the top, one finds it wrapt in cloud, with the view exactly the same as that to be enjoyed on a foggy day in Fleet Street, there is no weather in which a mountain view has not some peculiar charm. Perhaps the most unforgettable effects are those seen on a stormy day, on which one has feared till the last, that the toil would be in vain. It is no occasion for identifying details from a panorama, for half the landscape is blotted out in palls of purple cloud, through which the mountains loom like monstrous phantoms: others are transfigured in lurid light. The hoarse roar of gathering torrents swells and sinks: the wind shrieks and howls like a Titan in torment. Far below, town and forest, rock and hill and valley, show dim and ghostly in whirling mist, or are clad in strange, unearthly hues by the wizardry of the stormlight, through which lakes and rivers gleam like molten metal. All things seem changed, mystic, portentous, standing out in strong contrast of shifting gloom and splendour.

The neighbouring Piz Padella does not command so fine a view, but is interesting geologically and botanically. It and the three peaked ridge of the Trais Fluors or, "three flowers," which connects it with the Piz Ot, are of limestone, occasionally dolomitic. Very remarkable is the intercalation, in a region of crystalline rock, of this calcareous streak which, with occasional triassic patches, runs hence by the Suvretta Pass to the Corn Alv and Piz Bardella. Pleasant rambles may be made, turning to the left shortly before reaching the Valetta, over the gentle slopes of pasture which lie to the south and west, below the furrowed limestone precipices of the Padella and Trais Fluors.

Other pleasant walks around Samaden—how many and how pleasant they are—to the hill of Silvaplana, where are tombstones of Plantas, de Salis, Juvaltas, and other great folk of the valley: to the wooded spur of the Christolais, the larch-clad Münteratsch, and on to the Val Bevers—are they not written in the book of Baedeker?

CHAPTER IV

CELERINA AND CRESTA

A MILE beyond Samaden lies Celerina, and a little further Cresta, the two now virtually forming one village. Walkers may reach it from Samaden by various pleasant detours on the hill-side, a characteristic bit of which forms the foreground of one of the sketches. The snow-topped mountain towering in the background is the Piz Albriz, the glacier seen on its northern side is somewhat unfairly named the Vadret da Languard, as though it had been purloined from the much-mounted companion peak. On the right is a buttress of the massive and sombre Piz Chalchagn, and on the left are larch-clad slopes rising to the many famous points of view which form one of the attractions of the three delightful villages known as Pontresina. These are seen in the sketch at the entrance of the Bernina valley, the Choma and Fulun forest, "a boundless contiguity of shade," stretching below them. At the edge of the forest, standing lonely in the meadows, is the half-ruined little church of San Gian. In the flat green floor of

PONTRESINA FROM ABOVE CELERINA.

the valley near it the Inn rests in clear pools and quiet reaches after its furious descent through the beautiful Charnadura gorge which it has carved for itself in the transverse ridge that long dammed it up in a larger lake than at present. At no distant time, as time goes in such matters, these swamps and lush meadows must also have been a lake which extended down to Cinuskel, but which has been partly drained off by the deep gorge cut by the Inn in yet another transverse ridge at its lower end, partly filled up by alluvial deposits of its affluents. Of these the most important is the Flaz, which is seen in the sketch descending from Pontresina, turbid with "the dust of continents to be," bringing down a larger volume of water than that of the Inn, in which, after its junction, its name and individuality are lost.

This is the hard fate to which rivers are liable. The Inn itself has to submit to it later. At Passau its volume, in summer at any rate, is larger than that of the stream from the Black Forest which it joins, yet the voice from which there is no appeal has decided that the great river of south-eastern Europe shall be known as the Danube, and not as the Inn. Perhaps the most flagrant instance of this usurpation is given by another Swiss river, the Rhone, which is an interloper through the whole of its long course, a very Jacob among rivers, continually supplanting its elder brethren. After its bend northward at Martigny, there is hardly any distance in which it has made its own bed. This bend takes it into the

bed of the Dranse, and the older and larger river has thenceforth to pass under its name. It afterwards takes possession successively of the channels which the Valserine, Guiers and Ain had made for themselves long before the Rhone had cut through the transverse ridge beyond Geneva; and finally invades the venerable and peaceful Saone, the ancient Arar, with whose excessive tranquillity we most of us made acquaintance in boyhood from Cæsar's statement that it was impossible to tell by the eye in which direction it flowed. This last invasion seems especially hard on the ancient and gentle river, that had drowsed along its self-made bed for ages, while the Rhone was erratically wandering about Europe, first joining the Danube, and then, in partnership with the Rhine, going north to meet the Thames in the great plain which now lies beneath the sea.

The country between Samaden and Celerina offers other interests than scenery and the unprincipled procedure of rivers. Passing along the road, we hear earnest talk, bristling with recondite but familiar terms, which recall breezy British coasts and commons: stalwart forms stride across the sward beyond the river on the left, here and there is a fluttering skirt, for in this triangle between the Inn, the Flaz and the road to Pontresina, are the Samaden golf links, which claim to be the best in Switzerland.

Just before reaching Celerina is the large new

Palace Hotel, which it is pleasant to record is not the outrage on the scenery by which it lives that a large new hotel too often is. If not quite in the style of the Engadine, it is at any rate a commendable attempt to build according to Swiss traditions and in harmony with its surroundings. I regret that it calls itself a palace, a word which gives an idea of comfortless ostentation; but magniloquence is the weakness of innkeepers, and appears especially attractive to them in a foreign language. Why should they, the world over, forswear their mother-tongue. In every language, save its native French, the word hotel has something exotic and unhomely about it; in fact, like many cosmopolitan human aliens, while it has been naturalised in all civilised countries, it has not been quite assimilated in any. Who has not resented in Italy an Albergo Belvedere calling itself Hotel Bellevue, while it is almost a shock to find the building which might have combined the promise of good cheer with imperishable memories, as Gasthof zum Matterhorn, masquerading under the unsuggestive title of Grand Hotel du Cervin. As for our English inn, what homely comfort, what hearty cheer, what cordial hospitality, does not the word suggest ever since Shenstone sighed to think that he had found his warmest welcome there. I am convinced that a great success awaits the colossal building, in a good old English style, which, while offering the most up-to-date comfort and convenience, shall call itself by

some such homely and engaging name as "The London Inn."

When we hear that Celerina is almost identical with cellar, we are apt to suspect one of those solemn puns to which so much etymology is reduced. It would seem, however, that, in this case, the obvious may really be accepted with a quiet mind, and that the name originates from there having been here a large storehouse belonging to the see of Chur, and the residence of an episcopal steward or cellarius.

With peculiar appropriateness to this etymology, Celerina is the seat of the Engadine brewery, the products of which will be commended to the traveller's attention wherever he may go in the valley. The praise of this seductive fluid I leave to its proper advertisements, but in what terms of eulogy can a writer on the Engadine fitly sing the praise of him who brews it. Signur Richard Campell has earned the gratitude of every Engadiner, and of all who love the Engadine, by the unique collection of Rhaetian antiquities which he has amassed with rare taste and knowledge, and with a lavish expenditure of time and money. I shall speak more particularly of it, and of the admirably appropriate building in which Signur Hartmann has housed it for him, when we come to St Moritz, but I may here remark that there is a special fitness in this labour of love being performed by Signur Campell, for he belongs to a family

which was already ancient when the oldest treasure in his museum was new, and which throughout its long history has been honourably connected with the life of its native state.

The traveller who has entered the Engadine by the railway will probably have noticed the picturesque and partly ruined castle of Campi, standing on an isolated pedestal of rock, rising precipitously from the Albula and commanding the entrance to the Schyn Pass; this is their ancestral seat. Here, during part of his early life, dwelt the famous Durì Campell, whose *Historia Rætica* is such a store-house of information on the history, customs and topography of the district, that it is a common saying that all subsequent writers have ploughed with Campell's heifer. He was a leading reformer, and translated the Psalms and a catechism into his native tongue. He advocated religious plays in the same language, from which it may be seen that his Protestantism was of that eminently moderate tone characteristic of his compatriots; in fact, he had almost as much controversy with Protestant refugees from Italy, as with Rome.

An Englishman, or perhaps in this connection, and with a timely recollection of the auspices under which my remarks will appear, I should be careful to say Briton, naturally thinks of the similar name which has borne so distinguished a part in our own annals. When one recollects that the oldest place-names in each country are Celtic, and bears

in mind the connection between names of places and of families, it is difficult not to suppose that the Rhaetian and British names are identical.

It, of course, by no means follows that the family trees, which are so deeply rooted in the past of their respective countries, have a common origin. Signur Campell, at any rate, knows of nothing to that effect, and on my mentioning that the present head of the British house had married the king's sister, he remarked with a smile, that, though he would be pleased to claim the connection, he was aware of no grounds for doing so.

The greater part of Cresta and Celerina was burnt down on Easter Day 1631, while most of the inhabitants were keeping the festival at St Moritz. This, I fancy, was the period when the characteristic architecture of the valley was at its best, for it is essentially post-gothic, and we consequently find here an unusual number of excellent examples of it.

Though Celerina has now outgrown Cresta, the latter was originally the more important place, and the interesting tower of the little church bears witness to its antiquity. Its parish at the time of the reformation included St Moritz and Samaden. The priest Johann Zakkon lived in the parsonage which still stands by the church, and was a curious illustration of the divided mind of the Upper Engadine on the great question of the day. He had given practical proof of his evangelical disposition by marrying and

having a family, but he besought his people to make no external change of worship while he lived; his mind, he said, approved the new teaching, but his old tongue could not unlearn the sacred office that he had said so long; let him continue to say it till he died, then, if it seemed to them good, they might make a change. He was much too good a man for any objection to be taken on the score of consistency to an attitude which was probably that of a large number of his flock: the Engadiner of the day was not hampered by the "foolish consistency" that Emerson terms the hobgoblin of little minds. So to the end of Zakkon's long life the use of Cresta exhibited a large comprehension: he celebrated Mass before the altar and preached unimpeachable gospel doctrine from the pulpit. He seems to have felt, however, that the compromise could be but temporary, for, it is said, that on his deathbed he exhorted his children and parishioners to embrace the Reformation.

The walks and excursions from Celerina are, of course, very much those from Samaden, St Moritz, and Pontresina, almost equidistant, as it is, from the three. One short walk seems peculiarly its own, that to the half-ruined church of San Gian which was shown in the sketch last mentioned standing on a lone, larch-clad hill in the angle between the Flatz and the Inn. Except for funerals, it is now disused and fast falling to decay. The church and the higher of its two towers is Gothic, but this probably took the place of an older Romanesque building, of which

the smaller tower is the only remnant. On the 10th of June 1682 the large tower was struck by lightning, the steeple burnt, and the great bell, which, it is said, could be heard through the whole length of the Upper Engadine, melted; the metal sufficed to make the three present bells of the church of Celerina, that had then been only lately built. Over the portal of San Gian is inscribed, "1478 Magister Gulielmus de Plurio fecit," but this probably refers to some restoration or enlargement, for Dr Lechner says that an "ecclesia" here is mentioned in 1320, in the oldest document among the archives of the commune. The smaller tower shows that it must have existed earlier still; indeed, among the arms painted on the inner roof are those of the Counts of Gamertingen, who are said to have had no possessions in the valley since 1139. There is something singularly impressive about the abandoned and neglected church, standing lorn among the tombs on its solitary hill.

A little further on, to the left of the road to Pontresina, shortly before it joins that from Samaden, is the rocky wooded hill of Chastlatsch, so called from the remains of an old castle. It would seem to have been originally of considerable extent, though little now remains but the torso of the keep. In the old conditions of warfare its position must have been most commanding, controlling the main valley above and below, and the valley of the Bernina.

CHAPTER V

TO ST MORITZ

BETWEEN Celerina and St Moritz the railway has decidedly the advantage over the high-road, passing, as it does, through the romantic Charnadura gorge above the raging Inn. Pedestrians will do well to take this route, a sketch of which, in the bridal array with which winter decks it, is given. At the upper end of the gorge is a fine fall, just after which we reach the lake of St Moritz, the lowest of the long chain of blue-green lakes which form the characteristic charm of the upper reaches of the valley.

Of the four existing lakes, that of St Moritz has had a far longer individual existence than the others. Originally it must have filled the basin between the two transverse bars of rock which lie above and below it. The bar above, from which it has long retreated, and which the Inn now cuts through by the narrow gorge of the Sela, separated it from the great upper lake which once stretched from the Maloja to Campfer, while below on the north the

Ruinatsch and Fulun, not then pierced by the Charnadura gorge, dammed it off from the lake, which, far below, extended from Cresta to Cinuskel. The lake of St Moritz shrank with the shrinking volume of the Inn, as the Maira captured its higher waters, the evidence of which we shall see when we come to Maloja, and also from being more and more drained off by its outflow as it carved down the gorge of Charnadura.

This way of escape is of comparatively recent contrivance. For ages the Inn flowed out of the lake in an easterly direction, by the present Statzer-See and Choma marsh ; when this exit was denied it by the extension of the glaciers of the Bernina and Rosegg valleys, it found its way out on the west, rioting down from St Moritz to Cresta, very much in the direction of, though far above, the present famous toboggan-run. Something ultimately blocked it there, perhaps a great rock slide, to which a synclinal valley like that of the Inn is peculiarly liable. Thereupon, as though tired of being thus bandied from right to left, it took the matter into its own hands, and commenced piercing for itself the huge dam of gneiss which kept it from the lower lake. Here, again, it shows a masterful individuality, not exhibited by its sister lakes ; its shrinkage is not due, as theirs mainly is, to silting up, but to its own energetic engineering. The work is still going on furiously, as may be realised by exploring the beautiful Charnadura gorge. All along it are

GORGE OF THE INN, KNOWN AS THE CHARNADURA GORGE.

records of the passage of the river at higher levels than at present, and of the gradual eating back of the fine waterfall by which it now issues from the lake. This fall must, at first, have been at the farther end of the gorge, near Cresta, where it poured superbly into the now vanished lower lake. Unless the hand of man interfere—and it will be a big bit of landscape gardening to do so — it would seem destined to eventually eat through the short distance which still separates it from the lake, and let out the dammed-up waters, with unlooked-for effects on scenery and real property.

At present St Moritz appears more occupied with real property than with scenery. On taking a first turn round, the attention is not so much drawn to points of view as to eligible building sites. Everyone fortunate enough to possess land seems busily preparing to reap from it the golden harvest, that it may be expected to yield under the fructifying flood of tourists. I know of no place which so strikes one on arrival as a town of hotels. On all sides colossal hotels are being raised, old hotels renovated, small hotels enlarged, old houses—alas, how picturesque and irreplaceable are many of them—are being pulled down that hotels may rise in their stead.

In a place that yearly attracts increasing thousands, all this is inevitable, and it were futile to lament over it. Certainly it is not for the traveller to do so; as well might he revile the bridge which takes him over the stream. And the traveller in the

Engadine would be indeed ungrateful were he to deprecate hotels. Nowhere are they so comfortable, so convenient, so homelike; nowhere does their machinery work so smoothly in catering, not only for the needs, but for the fads and fancies of the inmates. The happy mixture of northern organisation and southern sympathy, makes the Engadiner a model innkeeper. But it is permissible to ask these pleasant and indispensable hosts to have some regard for the source of their golden eggs. Why should an hotel be an unsightly outrage on the scenery which is its *raison d'être?* Why, of all countries in the world, should it be so in Switzerland, which offers such admirable types of building, both large and small? Not only is the chalet the most charming example of a peasant home, but all over the land stand great buildings "whispering the last enchantment of the Middle Ages," that are as much a local asset as the scenery amid which they stand, and of which they seem the completion and the complement. It is with models such as these at hand, that huge, mean structures, or grotesque caricatures of noble models, are raised to house visitors attracted by the beauty of the land.

Happily there are now signs of better things, and it is to the credit of Engadiners that they are in the van of reform. I have already spoken of the Palace Hotel at Celerina, and, on looking round as one leaves the station at St Moritz, one of the most conspicuous of the great buildings that compete for

the traveller's presence is another Palace, perhaps a trifle fantastic and lacking in unity of design, but an exemplary attempt to recover something of the traditional freedom and variety of Swiss architecture. It has the advantage of a foil which would set off a far inferior building; close beside it is a huge "Grand Hotel" which has had the distinction of being selected by that admirable Swiss publication, "Heimathschutz," as a shocking example of what an hotel ought not to be.

I take this opportunity of drawing attention to this society for protesting against, and, in so far as in it lies, preventing, the disfigurement of Switzerland. All who love that lovely land should support it. Annual membership costs but 3 francs, though any donation towards the good work is welcomed, and the subscriptions entitle to the interesting and artistic illustrated monthly "Bulletin." Communications should be addressed: Secretariat, Heimathschutz, Basel.

It is not only in the well-meant audacity of the Palace Hotel that one has in the Engadine an earnest of better things. In Mr Nichol Hartmann the valley possesses an architect imbued with the spirit of its picturesque and characteristic architecture, and with a resource and ingenuity in adapting it to modern requirements, and utilising existing conditions, that amounts to genius.

A good example of this is afforded by the bridge-room into which he has converted a lumber-room in

the basement of the Kulm Hotel: the seductive game has surely never had a more dignified and charming shrine. I shall speak of his work in connection with Signur Campell's Museum at St Moritz and the Hotel Margna at Sils Baselgia. Before these lines appear he will have raised at St Moritz another Hotel Margna, which, to judge from the plans, will be a noble example of the traditional architecture of the valley.

CHAPTER VI

ST MORITZDORF

THE village of St Moritz, seated on a spur of hill on the left of the lake, is the highest in the Upper Engadine, being about 200 feet higher than the Maloja pass at the end of the valley.

At the highest point of the village is the old church, now no longer used, whose interesting tower seems leaning to its fall. The church bears the date 1573, which, however, must be that of its restoration; the original structure must belong to the earliest date of church building in the valley, as is shown by the excellent pilastered Romanesque windows of the tower, which are now unfortunately walled up, and only to be seen from the interior. The inestimable "Heimathschutz" has pointed a salutary architectural moral by presenting this neglected and disfigured tower, with its simple proportions and vestiges of good work, side by side with that of the neighbouring modern parish church, a painstaking example of ornate bad taste.

In the Middle Ages the shrine of St Moritz was

much resorted to by pilgrims from all parts of Italy, and a Bull of Leo X. granted plenary indulgence to those who made the pilgrimage. If the Church is to concern herself with "temporal punishments," on what more rational condition than this could she remit them? One can easily imagine that many a world-worn pilgrim from the crowded town would find when he arrived at the mountain shrine that his heart was changed within him and become as the heart of a little child, and would descend homeward with a mind set to walk in newness of life. Presumably he would have been one who wished to turn over a new leaf, else he would not come within the purview of the indulgence, and what could be more conducive to doing so than this retreat into the mountains? There were not then luxurious hotels at every stage; the way would be long and toilsome, sometimes dangerous; fare and lodging would be hard; he would return to his old surroundings with evil associations broken and evil habits interrupted, his body braced by exercise and privation, and his spirit bathed in mountain air, his mind cleaned by seeing life, and living it, in simple and elemental conditions. Verily, I believe that, had indulgences never been attached but to conditions so salutary, a famous thesis would not have been nailed to the church door in Wittenburg.

At the time of the Reformation this ancient little church was the scene of a serio-comic episode which it would be hard to match in the annals of ecclesi-

astical history. I have already mentioned, in speaking of Cresta, the personal considerations that led the aged and beloved priest Zakkon to postpone the introduction of the new worship till the end of his long life, with the result that his parish was the last in the Upper Engadine to formally embrace the Reformation. At Zakkon's death the two parties in the St Moritz division of the parish prepared for a final trial of strength. The adherents of the old order were unusually strong there, owing to the importance and profit derived from pilgrimages to the famous shrine. The narrative of the final settlement reads more like an account of a schoolboy's game, played under definite rules, than the history of a religious movement.

There appears to have been a tacit understanding that victory should fall to the party whose adherents first succeeded in holding in the church their typical service, the celebration of the Mass, or the delivery of a sermon, respectively. Ascension Day 1576 was fixed for the contest. The Protestants selected as their champion, Nuot Cheisel, a native of the place, and a theologian of some standing, who on Ascension Eve came to stay with his relatives in the village. At the same time a Catholic priest arrived as champion of the opposite party. The Protestants had a certain advantage in the fact that the sacristan, one Messmer, who kept the keys of the church, was of their persuasion. He was a man of herculean strength and stature, who, ordinarily, was the

mildest of giants, but he became alarmingly truculent when he had taken a drop too much; occasionally after convivial bouts he had been the terror of the community. The difficulty was to utilise this redoubtable reputation without a violation of propriety which would have been singularly inappropriate to the occasion. It was felt that Messmer sober would be quite unequal to any serious resistance to the authority he was wont to treat with unquestioning respect. He could not be relied on—he himself, good Protestant though he was, would not undertake—not to open the church when commanded to do so by any burgher with official position. Never was a more provoking nullification of a valuable asset: the simple course of appealing from Messmer sober to Messmer drunk was not only objectionable in principle, but would have been to evoke a Frankenstein, whom they might not have been able to control. At length the ingenious device was hit upon, that Messmer should pretend to be drunk, and should trust to the prestige he had acquired when his natural temperament was thus disguised, to keep the more important members of the Catholic party out of the church. Messmer readily fell in with a plan that promised to reconcile his religious convictions with his habits of obedience. On Ascension morning, when some of the most considered Catholic burghers ordered him to open the church and ring the bell, he feigned to be hopelessly intoxicated; entreaties were in vain, and threats only roused him to an apparently

homicidal fury which kept the boldest at a distance. The Catholics decided that nothing was left but to force the door, and forthwith the necessary tools were sought. But when they arrived at the church they found the terrible Messmer before it. The Protestant cause now depended on his ability to keep up the illusion, and he appears to have developed dramatic abilities hitherto unsuspected. Swaying his huge bulk from side to side and swinging his brawny arms which, it was said, could fell an ox with one blow of the naked fist, he effectually prevented any approach to the door during the long hours of the forenoon. At length the clock striking twelve announced that the canonical hours for Mass had expired, and Protestantism was safe.

As soon as sufficient time had elapsed for the exceptional dinner with which Catholic and Protestant alike honoured the festival that is still the holiday most widely observed by all sects in Switzerland, Messmer, now sober as a judge, rang the bell. The population, Catholic as well as Protestant, trooped to church, Cheisel delivered his sermon, and it seems to have been generally accepted that St Moritz had become Protestant. It is not perhaps a very edifying episode, but it is not for Englishmen, whose Protestantism owes so much to the matrimonial exigencies of Henry VIII., to cast a stone at the simple theologians of St Moritz.

I should add that Cheisel's sermon was not quite

the end of controversy. On leaving the church he and his supporters met with an energetic protest from the women of the parish. Throughout Switzerland at this time the women were, as a rule, strongly conservative on the great question of the day, and were adepts in the expression of theological views through the medium of domestic utensils. As the women of Aigle chased Farel from their town, so those of St Moritz now attacked Cheisel and his partisans as they issued from the church, with brooms, shovels, and other solid arguments, accompanied by epithets which can only be excused by the strength of their religious convictions. This, however, was but an irregular interlude; the less emotional and more responsible sex abode loyally by the test agreed on, and St Moritz has remained Protestant to this day.

If the story of Messmer be true, the strange feature in it is that the Catholics should have acquiesced in a question which concerned them so deeply being decided by a drunken employee. The truth probably is that here, as elsewhere in the Upper Engadine, the majority were comparatively indifferent, and only desirous that the question should be decided one way or the other, without open conflict or undue cleavage of communal life. Long before the Upper Engadine had definitely become Protestant, the first acrimony of the religious contest had died away and the controversy had narrowed down to one of those evenly balanced issues which are wont to be

decided by the fall of a coin. The Laodicean state of mind of the parish may be inferred from the fact that, not long after, the venerated image of St Moritz was, by common consent, sold for a substantial sum to the neighbouring Catholic commune of Puntaglia. Very different was the treatment meted out to the sacred relics at Pontresina in 1549, when, first in the valley, that commune embraced reform.

Beyond the old church, the hill slopes up to the Badrutt park, beautifully situated on the rocky pedestal between the high-road to Cresta and the Charnadura gorge. Here is provision for the game and play of golf on ground abounding in speculative and absorbing possibilities. Few links are set amid more charming views or in more bracing air.

St Moritz contains a treasure of the last kind that one would look to find in the highest village in Europe. At the Palace Hotel is—what shall I say?—a copy, a replica, the original, for even that great claim has been made for it—of the Madonna di San Sisto at Dresden, assuredly the noblest presentment of motherhood that the world possesses.

I am not competent to give an opinion on its technical merits, still less on the vexed question of its origin, but no one, I think, can see it without feeling that he is in the presence of a great picture. By a happy inspiration, it has been placed in the Ladies' Room, where it must surely awaken a Magnificat in many a heart.

In a sumptuous booklet Signur Badrutt has collected all the facts, records, and traditions connected with his great possession. It would seem that the picture is the "Gonfalone della S. R. Chiesa," which was carried by Alphonso d'Este I., Duke of Ferrara, at the enthroning of Leo X. on the 11th of April 1513. The Duke brought it back with him to Ferrara, where it remained as one of the great treasures of the palace. In 1598 the picture went with the Estes to Modena. On the extinction of the house it fell to the possession of a family who had occupied an hereditary position in the court, who preserved the tradition that it was "painted by Raphael Sanzio and his scholars Giulio Romano and Gian Francesco Penni." Here, perhaps, the expert will smile, and remark that he has heard these names before in connection with original Raphaels. In 1887 Signur Jacob Badrutt acquired the picture, in a sadly neglected condition, from the aged lady who then represented the family.

It is painted on damask linen, which, it is said, was usually employed for pictures intended to be carried as processional banners. The great picture at Dresden is on the usual coarse linen.

Signur Badrutt took his treasure to Dresden, on the understanding, as he conceived, that there should be both an expert and a public comparison of the two pictures, and he felt naturally aggrieved when, through misapprehension or otherwise, this was cut down to a private comparison of one hour.

A Great Picture

It may be permitted even to a layman in such matters to remark that the view that it is a replica rather than a copy seems supported by the fact that the slight, but unmistakable differences between it and its famous compeer are such as a copyist would hardly dare to make in dealing with so supreme a masterpiece. In the Madonna's gaze is something less of wonder and amazement, something more of far reaching into futurity, the assurance of final triumph and disdain of intermediate obstacle: not yet had the sword which should pierce through her soul set its sign upon the young mother's face.

In the child the difference between the two pictures is rather in an opposite sense. In both there is the same wonderful suggestion of the awakening of the divine spirit amid the strange limitations of humanity, but here it is rather the humanity than the divine power that arrests attention. The divinity and the power are there, but one sees them through a veil of human pathos. There is less imperial moulding of brow and mouth, less profound mastery in the eyes: the eyes to which all things were open, but which saw them now as man seeth, appear contemplating with a perplexed wonder, that yet falters not nor shrinks, the path which was to be trodden—he had known it all along, but it looked so different now.

Something such as this the picture seems to me to say. Another shall come, and to him it will say

something else, perhaps something more, according to the measure of the gift that is in him: and, of thousands that may see it, to no two will its message be quite the same, nor, to any among them, will it mean all that it meant to Raphael.

CHAPTER VII

ST MORITZBAD

In the flat land at the head of the lake, a little less than a mile from the village, are the famous Chalybeate springs, round which has grown up, mainly within the last half-century, the cluster of buildings known as St Moritzbad, mostly hotels with the appurtenances thereof. An electric tram runs between it and the village, so that those using the waters can put up at either place as they like.

About half-way down, on the larch-clad slope that rises to the right of the road, is the Museum Engiadinais, the charming building in which Signur Nicol Hartmann has housed Signur Campell's magnificent collection of Rhaetian antiquities. It would be impossible to have a building more fitted for its contents, or more aptly supplementing them in instruction and interest. The object has necessitated its being in the styles of several different periods, but this only increases its resemblance to an ancient house which each century as it passed has touched after its manner. The genius of the

architect has taken the place of time in unifying and harmonising all.

To speak of this museum as a collection of antiquities, gives a very inadequate idea of its interior. Whole rooms and halls and corridors have been installed there, and, combined with the old style of the building, complete and thought-out down to the smallest detail, make wandering about it like an excursion into the past. If the visitor should have the good fortune thus to wander under the guidance of Signur Campell, it will be strange if the least antiquarian-minded be not infected with his enthusiasm and do not imbibe some of his extensive and curious knowledge.

I suppose a colourable case for sentimental indignation might be made out from these things being there, and this is a feeling which Signur Campell shares to the full. It is not without a pang that the keenest collector can tear down such work from the place for which it was made, where it has stood from the making and gathered associations. But frequently it is only this apparent vandalism that saves it from destruction. Often, too, it is simply a question of when and by whom it shall be removed. He who hesitates at laying violent hands on it knows that, if he refrain, it will not be long before someone less scrupulous or more wealthy comes by, and nowadays this may mean that irreplaceable records of a country's past become unconsidered items in the possessions

of a foreign millionaire. When one sees how ruthlessly and rapidly memorials of the past are being cleared away in the Upper Engadine, one cannot be too thankful that, while yet there was time, Signur Campell has charged himself with the pious duty of collecting and preserving these.

Perhaps the most striking of these transplanted rooms, is a hall from the palace of the Visconte Venosta at Grosio, built when that district was ruled by the Rhaetian leagues, an admirable example of elaborate woodwork in wall and ceiling. In this room, it is said, was planned the massacre of the Protestants in the Valtelline, which took place on the 19th of July 1620, a Sunday which rivalled the Eve of St Bartholomew in cold-blooded and ferocious butchery. As though to give a compensatory association, the room was inhabited in 1636 by the Duc de Rohan, the brilliant and chivalrous Huguenot, who, exiled from France, led the French flag to victory and liberated the Rhaetian Leagueland.

Very interesting, too, are a hall from a house at Sidon, belonging to the bishops of Chur; a room dated 1580, with fine stoves; and one from Misocco dated 1621. Even more appealing than these stately chambers, is the typical peasant's room, with its panelled walls, staired and balustraded stove, and many cupboards, of which modern development has left hardly an example in St Moritz, though happily they are still common in the less progressive parts of the Engadine.

It would be impossible to notice the many treasures that these rooms and galleries contain : the beautiful old furniture, arms and domestic utensils. I can only urge the visitor to St Moritz not to omit a visit to the Museum Engiadinais.

A little further on is the English church, a massive little building in the fine grey-green gabbro of the neighbourhood, which from all points of the lake forms an effective feature in the landscape. The four sides of the tower end in gables that imbed the spire, which one cannot help regretting is in slate, and not, like the roof of the main building, in the schist of the neighbourhood. This tower seems to have been suggested by that of the half-ruined church of San Gian, near Celerina, and such assimilation of the local style cannot be too highly commended. An English church on the Continent, like the Englishman himself, his clubs, habits and amusements, is apt to have a certain air of extra-territoriality. Who has not felt something of a shock on revisiting some lovely mountain haunt, to find that, since he was last there, an English church, looking as though it had just stepped from a suburb of London, has added a new note of incongruity to those which hotels, casinos and bazaars had accumulated in the devoted spot. It is pleasant to find the English church at St Moritz exhibiting a local appropriateness not too common in the buildings of the neighbourhood.

The interior is not very happy in its colouring,

but fortunately this is only in its least permanent features. The stonework is good, and wash and plaster are not everlasting, so that one may hope that, when they have to be renovated, the pink walls with their chocolate dado, and the thin black and white tracery which outlines the doors and windows, may be replaced by something with more harmony and repose. There is a good barrel roof in the cembra pine characteristic of the neighbourhood, in which the temptation to stain and varnish has been happily resisted, a self-control that will be amply justified by time. It could be wished that the same restraint had been exercised with the doors and seats. If it be permissible to mention such a place in connection with things ecclesiastical, I would say that the new bar of the Kulm Hotel—was ever licensed victualling so artistically ensconced—offers an edifying example of woodwork biding its time.

Looking over St Moritzbad, one sees on the opposite side of the valley the French and German Protestant church, which fraternal charity restrains me from describing. Below, not far from the lake-shore, is the new Roman Catholic church, a successful Romanesque structure, with a lofty detached bell-tower of which the reflection—a long shaft of light sent down into the lake—is an effective detail in the landscape. Charity again lays her gentle hand upon my pen as I recall the interior of this building whose outward aspect is so pleasing.

We now arrive at St Moritzbad, which owes its

existence to the chalybeate springs. The virtues of these famous waters have been known from very early times. It is hardly likely that those inveterate bathers and spring-finders, the Romans, did not know of and use them. At any rate, they must have been used long before any record of them now existing, for when in 1853 the old spring was retubed, ancient larchwood pipes were found deep beneath the surface. In 1575, Paracelsus, in his *Tractatus de Morbis Tartareis*, spoke of the waters as those which he preferred "above all other chalybeates known to him." Dr Antonio Cesati described the spring in 1674, and states that it then attracted visitors from all parts of Europe, who, it appears, taxed their constitutions by taking from fifteen to twenty glasses of the gas-charged water a day. The repute of the baths in the Middle Ages is said to have contributed to the popularity of the pilgrimage to the neighbouring shrine of St Moritz, and it is pleasant to hear this, for such pilgrims as I have met have not been conspicuous examples of the cleanliness which is proverbially allied to higher virtues.

In addition to this old spring there are now two others. It had long been known, from bubbles on the surface of the Inn, that a similar spring existed in the bed of the river, but the conservative element in the commune defeated all attempts to utilise it. In fact, there was an old and deep-rooted prejudice, from which the community is now entirely free, against turning these gifts of nature to commercial

account. The gnome of the well, it was said, would not brook the life-giving stream being retailed for money, and would withhold his bounty from such sordid folk. The progressive party had to take advantage of the obstructives being absent at the cattle fair of Tirano, to hurry together a quorum, press through the necessary authorisation, and, the same day, commence the work. When the bucolic conservatives returned, they were confronted with a *fait accompli.* "There are some people," the progressive leader Flugi remarked, "to whom one can only do good in their own despite." This spring was called after Paracelsus, in gratitude for his early testimonial to the waters.

In 1886 yet a third spring was tapped, under the direction of Professor Heim, a distinguished geologist, and called the Surpunt, the name of the place where it issues. In endeavouring to capture this spring, of which the outflow had long been known as the Maria Huota, President Gartmann, of St Moritz, made extensive excavations, but was always baffled by coming to a thick bed of clay, which he took to be a "farewell rock." Professor Heim, hearing of the position, telegraphed to him, "Pierce the clay." The bore was accordingly driven down and, on its withdrawal, the copious stream, which still flows, burst forth.

The bubbles of carbonic acid gas which rise to the surface of the lake where the Inn enters it are thought to indicate another spring below. In fact,

the whole of the huge mass of diorite, syenite, and granite which rise on the right into Piz Rosatsch and Piz del Ova Cotschna, or "Peak of the red stream," are probably one vast laboratory in which all the water which falls on them from heaven is charged with healing virtues. Those rugged, barren slopes are worth more to St Moritz than fat cornlands or fertile vineyards. As Peter Büsin, who was pastor of Silvaplana, 1654-85, aptly puts it in some lines inscribed on a black marble tablet, dated 1674, on the wall of the old pump-room :

Aspera quas quaeres lymphas dant saxa salubres,
Grata sub ingratis rupibus unda fluit.
Nunc alii Cereris jactent et munera Bacchi :
Omnis opes Tellus ducit ubique suas.

No doubt the cure of the many and various complaints with which persons come to, and without which they quit, St Moritz, is largely due to the co-operation of the air with the water. More than any air I know, it makes one realise, in the most literal sense, "how good is man's life, the mere living," though Browning when he wrote the words was thinking of a far more strenuous life than is desirable for invalids at St Moritz. I suppose a busy idleness in the open air is the approved way for most patients to spend the intervals between drinking the waters, or bathing in them, and there are few places where it can be more successfully prosecuted. Those strong enough for sports find

various facilities for them. Besides the fine golf links within easy reach at Samaden, there are links both at the village and the baths. Tennis courts and croquet grounds abound; even cricket, of a sort, is sometimes organised under singular and attractive difficulties. Apart from stricter sport, the crowd of holiday-makers with nothing particular to do give abundant opportunities for that fooling so dear to the Briton, which the staid continental mind finds it difficult to understand in those of mature age.

Those again who wish simply to lounge and saunter find innumerable openings for rambles, which can be extended almost indefinitely as strength and energy permit. Whatever may be thought of the general aspect of Engadine scenery as compared with the more panoramic parts of Switzerland, there is no place in which the walker is so surrounded at every step with enchanting detail and ever-changing interest. In place of the usual formal and unvarying pine of most Swiss forests, we have here the picturesque, wayward larch, and the gaunt, twisted stems and sombre foliage of the arolla, two inseparable companions throughout the valley, both of them singularly venerable and imposing in their older growth.

The forests are seldom unbroken, but open out into clearings of rock-strewn pasture, where the mystic anemone sulphurea sways gently in the breeze, tufts of gorgeous gentiana acaulis and various smaller gentians are imbedded in verdure round the tree-roots, and the delicate little soldanella fringes the

patches of snow that linger in sunless spots. Numberless flowers which elsewhere we look for in spring are found round St Moritz long after midsummer, while a very short walk takes us up to crags set with the deep-green foliage and rosy blossom of the rhododendron or festooned with two gorgeous species of Alpine rose, the cinnamona and pomifera. A singularly pleasing feature of any little garden-patch or terrace are the Iceland poppies, white, yellow, and orange, which grow like weeds wherever they have once been started. These are but a few of the things which will delight the lover of flowers, while every serious botanist finds the whole valley a veritable El Dorado. The streams, as is usual in a district of crystalline rock, have the pellucid, sparkling look which the water of a sedimentary district never quite attains. All these enchanting details of form and colour shine in the rare and glittering air with a sharpness of outline, a vividness of hue, an intensity of light and shade, which sometimes seem hardly real, and make the eye contribute to the general exhilaration.

This, no doubt, is mainly due to the altitude, which introduces a number of factors that co-operate beneficently with the waters on both body and mind. I should hesitate to be responsible theologically for the statement by which, it is said, encouragement is sometimes given to invalids at St Moritz, that, in the worst event, they are nearer heaven than in any other health resort in Europe, but there is no doubt

that, short of that unnegotiable contingency, there are advantages at 6000 feet above the sea not to be found at lower levels.

The characteristics whose presence or whose absence give the air its exhilarating and fortifying quality have been much discussed and much disputed. Apart from its constituents, its dryness and tenuity, and the relatively small number of micro-organisms that it supports, it is said that the actinic effect of the powerful sunlight co-operates in the general therapeutics, and that the considerable electrical tension of the atmosphere plays a beneficent part by its action on the nervous system.

On the other hand, the Engadine is unfortunate in not enjoying the freedom from dust which is a charm of most high mountain resorts. The dessicating climate, the high winds, the incessant traffic on the roads, along which the necessaries for thousands of visitors have to be brought, produce an unusual quantity of this subtle distributor of many of the ills that flesh is heir to. The authorities spare neither pains nor expense in coping with the nuisance; all along the high-road from Samaden to Maloja, hydrants, hose, and water-carts wage unremitting war upon it with an energy that is occasionally disconcerting. The cyclist as he passes from dust to mud, or fails to use his brake in time to avoid gliding into a local shower, will reflect sadly on the inherent contrariety of sublunary affairs.

Those who desire a full examination, not only of

the climate and waters of St Moritz, but of all the characteristics of the Upper Engadine, will find them exhaustively dealt with by Dr Veraguth, in *The Baths of St Moritz*, a work of which the charm is proof against the most elaborate statistics. At the outset the writer engages our confidence by citing the golden words of Littré: "*Plus vieillît le savant, plus il doit se courber en point d'interrogation*," and throughout his pages, teeming with professional experience, and extensive and various knowledge, he never relaxes that salutary curb.

Numbers of other books in every language offer the sojourner in St Moritz all the expert and general information he can desire; among them I may mention the quaint and charming booklet of Pastor Hoffmann. The pastor, indicated as C, takes a newcomer, F, sundry walks round the neighbourhood, in the course of which various objects of interest are dealt with in a series of conversations which recall the immortal talk between Piscator and Viator.

This reminds me that, among ways in which those staying in the Upper Engadine may occupy themselves, I should not forget to mention the occupation which is of all others the most unfailing to those who love it: the angler should bring his rod. Trout abound in the lakes and streams of this valley of waters, even to its farthest and highest recesses: they are found in the tarns on the inclement Julier and Bernina Passes, where in winter

the snow is piled several yards high on the thick ice which commences to form in autumn and lasts far into spring, and in the Lej Sgrischus, 8800 feet above the sea, which is frozen for nine months of the year. This is the discreetly-coloured and wily beck trout, *salmo fario*, the black blotches on whose blue-grey body are larger and more defined than in the English fish. The *salmo lacustris*, which sometimes runs to over 20 lbs., seeks security for its larger bulk and gayer colouring in the deeper waters of the lakes.

Fishing is an ancient industry in the Upper Engadine, to which in the Middle Ages, and in a district so far from the sea, ecclesiastical discipline gave considerable importance. The archives of the See of Chur abound with references to it. The most important of the tributes in kind due from the Upper Engadine were fish, 500 of which had to be supplied every Friday from mid-May to Michaelmas to the episcopal kitchen, in that part of the diocese where the bishop might happen to be. In addition to this, the fishermen of Sils and Silvaplana were bound to furnish during the summer 4500 trout, measuring a span from head to tail.

Though in 1288 the bishop, in payment of a debt, granted in perpetual fief to Andreas Planta fishing rights in the lakes of St Moritz and Statz with the Lasala and Lagiazöl (the names given to the outflow of the Inn from Campfer and Sils lakes respectively), this would seem to have been subject

to the provision for *jours maigres*, for in the review of rights and perquisites made between Andreas Planta and the episcopal Vicar-General on the 20th of December 1313, there is the special reservation: "Albeit we must receive fish from the Engadine, and our share of the chase of the chamois." The fishing rights dealt with appear to have been restricted to netting: fishing with the line was free to all, so that piscators and viators of the day enjoyed their sport unmolested by episcopal grantees.

It would be impossible here to enumerate the many rambles, short and long, that can be made round St Moritz, and the invaluable Baedeker, as well as a variety of local guide-books, make such a task superfluous. At various points on the left the visitor's attention is attracted by sign-posts indicating ways which lead up through larch woods to Chasselas and Upper Alpina. As one ascends them, the shining summits of the Bernina mountains peer over the sombre barrier of the Rosatsch and Surlej till at length a fine view of the whole magnificent group is disclosed which becomes more imposing if we proceed north beyond Upper Alpina to Alp Nova, or, farther still, to the rocky hummock of Sass Ronzol and Sass da Muottas.

From almost every point of the path rambles may be made over the breezy pastures which stretch between the Saluver and Suvretta valleys; or we may wander up by the lonely tarns and rocky peaks and ridges where the Schlatteinbach and its affluents

PIZ ALBANA AND PIZ JULIER FROM THE STATZER SEE.

have their sources, and enjoy the satisfying solitude, the large, companionable loneliness, of the hills. This is one of the charms of the Upper Engadine: its peopled haunts offer all that can be asked in the way of gaiety and amusement, and if a man tire of these, and wish for a while to escape the madding crowd, a couple of hours will take him to what seems

> a land where no man comes,
> Nor hath come since the making of the world.

A favourite walk is through the Choma forest to Pontresina, proceeding from the village by the bridge over the Inn, just above the fine waterfall at the head of the Charnadura gorge, or from the Baths by the shady, well-benched path along the right shore of the lake. Either way takes us to the Acla Silva, the "Forest Dairy," much frequented for afternoon tea, and to the Statzer-See, a charming, deep-hued tarn, the deep hues changing with the weather from bottle-green, through violet and purple, to well-nigh black, all of them shot with bronze from the reflection of the surrounding pines. The striking view hence of the Julier and Albana peaks is given in one of the sketches. Pontresina is reached by the picturesque Punt Ota, over the deep-worn chasm of the Bernina beck, or, without going there, one can find an endless variety of rambles through the scattered forest of arolla and larch.

On the same side of the river, but in the opposite direction, is a delightful walk to the Hahnensee, a

mystic little lake, set high above the valley amid weather-worn rocks and weather-beaten pines, with a far from mystic restaurant beside it. The restaurant is convenient, but it would be difficult to design, if one tried, anything more out of harmony with the lovely surroundings by which it makes its living than its whitewashed walls and tin roof. And why should this be? If the good folk who keep it had been building for themselves or for their cattle, that which they built would have been as much, and as charming, a feature of the landscape as the grey rocks and hoary pines among which it stood, but, building for the stranger, they seem beset by a fatal attraction towards dismal commonplace or grotesque pretension. "Only a matter of appearance," said a practical companion, when I was doubting whether my principles would permit me to have tea there. He said it with a superior air of appealing to higher considerations, much as Solomon, in extolling the God-fearing woman, reminds us that favour is deceitful and beauty is vain. But, after all, what is scenery but a matter of appearance. In fact, Switzerland lives on appearances, and it is but sound business to take them into account in housing the thousands who are attracted thither, not by the sterling virtues of the population, but by the superficial loveliness of the land.

A return from the Hahnensee can be made by Campfer, diverging if one like to Crestalta, the fine view from which is given in a sketch. Below lie the

PIZ DELLA MARGNA FROM CRESTALTA.

lakes of Campfer and Silvaplana. Part of the village of Campfer is seen on the right; farther on, Silvaplana, seated on the green promontory by which the exertions of the stream from the Julier, seconded on the other side by that from the Surlej, have cut the original lake in two; a picturesque wooden bridge spans the narrow channel still left to the Inn between the deltas of its furious tributaries; in the distance the valley is closed by the massive Piz Margna, a glacier, filling the cleft in its broad head. At Crestalta also is the inevitable restaurant.

I have sometimes heard captious visitors complain that the Upper Engadine is as littered with benches and restaurants as an overgrown tea-garden. Yet no one can deny the convenience of this bountiful provision for weary and thirsty souls. A country where thousands congregate must be somewhat sophisticated. The wayward rambler sometimes resents the solicitude of sign-posts, and feels that the freedom of the woods is incomplete without some possibility of being lost in them, but it were juster to regard the indefatigable and ubiquitous Kurverein as the good genius of the mountains, not only putting the walker in the way that he would go, but suggesting ways that he would not otherwise have thought of. On the walk to the Hahnensee, for instance, his attention will have been drawn to the paths which mount to the Piz Rosatsch and Piz Ovacotschna, and, when there, to the charming continuation of the walk to the Fuorcla Surlej. Here, too, is a welcome

little restaurant, and one at which the night can be spent, so as to have the coolness and clearness of early morning for walking over the fine ice-field of the Corvatsch glacier, and getting the splendid view from the peak.

This is one of the easiest opportunities in the neighbourhood of St Moritz, of making acquaintance with the region of ice and snow which lies so near us in the Upper Engadine. It is beyond the province assigned to this book, and has been dealt with by a master-hand in a preceding volume, but I may venture here to urge all who can to take advantage of being 6000 feet above the sea to, at least once, ascend a little further, into that radiant world, high and lifted up in majestic and awful purity, as free from soil and smirch of lower earth as though it had just descended out of heaven from God.

THE JUNGFRAU FROM THE KLEINER SCHEIDEGG.

CHAPTER VIII

WINTER

THERE are three sketches of the neighbourhood of St Moritz in winter, when it is worth a long journey to see. At no time is it more lovely and enjoyable and more unlike our usual surroundings at home. Olive groves and the blue Mediterranean are hardly a greater change from London in winter than are the cloudless sky and shining landscape of the high Alps, where nearly every year some new resort is opened to the Christmas holiday-maker. Among such resorts the Upper Engadine takes a foremost place. Every winter a large crowd gathers there and devotes itself in the most strenuous manner to robust enjoyment. This crowded leisure focusses at St Moritz. It would be difficult to find a gayer scene than its frozen lake and snow-clad slopes present through the long, hard winter. Even the work that goes on partakes of the general exhilaration. Sleighs and toboggans replace carts and barrows, lightening the labour of man and beast, and adding a novel excitement to transport and locomo-

tion. Bound and buried though nature be, the work of those who deal with her is by no means at a standstill; the universal snow, instead of staying it, is as a railway system over the country, transforming long, laborious mountain roads into smooth and facile descents; little more than guidance and gravitation are needed to bring the hay mown in summer and the timber felled in autumn from the distant upper regions to the villages where they should be. Nothing is more enjoyable than to take a passage down on a sleigh laden with hay or faggots: to pass swiftly through the keen air over glittering slopes, or along winding forest roads, or in the trough of the steep gullies which centuries of similar traffic have cut through copse and wood; most admirable is the adroitness with which a practised mountaineer pilots his wayward and unwieldy craft.

This, however, is but casual trifling to the serious winter sportsman. The regular sports are organised in the most business-like manner, and are as cosmopolitan as the population. Northern and mountain lands in all quarters of the globe have contributed to them. Ski-ing has been quite domesticated in Switzerland; to say the same of bandy and curling might expose me to animadversions from my more northern compatriots, but at any rate they are sufficiently established at St Moritz to afford much innocent amusement to those who are not Scotch, and a fascinating field for comment to those who are. Skating and hockey offer their rival claims and main-

SUNRISE ON CRESTA, CELERINA AND SAMADEN.

tain their natural antagonism. In addition to the course and the rink on the lake, which are open to all, most of the hotels have rinks of their own, and take great pains to keep the surface in good condition. The indigenous tobogganing still holds its own, both in the pristine simplicity in which scarce any are too young or too old to indulge in it, and in the highly elaborated developments which demand the expert skill, and involve the spice of danger, considered necessary in a fully-accredited sport.

The Übermensch, when he arrives, will hardly differ more from the troglodyte, than does the bobsleigh from the primitive "luge." There is a special track for the descent of the former formidable craft and special arrangements for towing it up again, but perhaps its most attractive employment is when it takes to the common highway, as in a run down from Maloja to Casaccia.

Amusement indoors is as highly organised as sport without. Balls and dances, concerts and theatricals, games with every absorbing embarrassment of complexity and every engaging shade of foolishness, fill up the long evenings.

The mundane side of the calendar is observed with the catholicity that might be expected from the mixed multitude of pleasure-seekers. Christmas is honoured with all the elaboration with which Teutonic tradition and British gastronomy have invested it; no theological test winnows the gay crowd that gathers in masks and costumes for the carnival ball

on the illuminated ice of the lake, while the survival of an older cult is suggested by the closing juvenile festival of the Kalends of March, when the children of the neighbourhood, with jangling cow-bells suspended from their necks, troop round the villages proclaiming the advent of spring in the traditional ditty:

Chalanda Marz! Chaland'Avrigl!
Laschè las vachas our d'ovigl!
Las vachas vaun culs vdels,
Las nuorsas culs agnels,
Las Chevras culs uzöls,
E las giallinas faun ils övs,
La naiv smartschescha
E l'erva crescha.
Scha 'ns dais qualchosa
Schi Dieu 's benedescha,
E scha nun dais ünguotta
Schi 'l luf as sbluotta!

Kalends of March! Kalends of April!
Let the cows out from the stall!
The cows go forth with their calves,
The sheep with their lambs,
The goats with their kids,
And the hens lay their eggs.
The snow melts
And the grass grows.
God bless you, if you give us something.
And, if you give us nothing,
May the wölf take you!

from which it will be seen that the proceedings include the inevitable collection, with its connected blessing and ban, a touch of nature in which all cults are kin.

Added to all this strenuous enjoyment is the

exceeding beauty of the broad, restful landscape bathed in light, and the enchanting details to be noted in wandering over it; the exquisite pencilling on the snow of the shadows of trees and bushes, grading through every neutral hue from delicate grey to deepest violet; the infinite variety of decoration given by the snow—laid in broad patches on the sombre foliage of the arolla, or bowing to an added grace the pliant larch limbs on which remnants of autumn foliage still linger in brushes of tawny gold, fashioned by wind and rain into shapes of unimaginable drollery on stumps and fences, melting into fringes and veils of iridescent icicles on cliffs and eaves.

One charming feature will be missed by those accustomed to the winter landscape in other parts of the Alps. At no time does the chalet with its deep eaves, many balconies, and black-red timber show to more advantage than when in winter it is set as a patch of warmth and vitality, a touch of opulent colour, in the universal mantle of snow. But chalets only appear in the Engadine as sophisticated and embarrassed exotics. That part of the typical Engadine house which is delightful in colour, the roof of stone flags, is in winter piled several feet deep with snow, and the mason-work, quaint and picturesque though it often is, looks sickly and uncomfortable amid the general whiteness.

The Alps in winter are deeply indebted to Norway for the gift of the ski. Its introduction is comparatively recent, but the alacrity with which it has been

taken up by the population shows how thoroughly it meets a want. Detachments of the Swiss army are exercised on skis every winter, and the citizen soldiers have taken the accomplishment back to their mountain homes, where it has been eagerly adopted by old and young. Little children may be seen going to the often distant school, or trooping over slopes and plateaux, on miniature, home-made skis, often of the most primitive construction. Even those who do not aspire to it as a sport, who can only contemplate forty-miles-an-hour runs and forty-yard leaps with respectful admiration, welcome it as a means of locomotion, enabling them to go to places otherwise inaccessible, to pass swiftly and lightly over snow in which unskied bipeds would flounder up to the knees, if not over the head.

Let not the humble novice mind that his course may seem but as shambling and shuffling to the winner of cups and breaker of records. What is that to him as he brushes over the sparkling slopes and unlocks the secrets of the hills? He will find himself on "great spaces washed with sun," stretching to distant peaks and ramparts, so ethereal in their delicate loveliness, so suffused with hazy light, that they almost seem a vision that will vanish while he beholds. He will pass into solemn depths of forest where the winding way is edged and arched with pines, whose ruddy trunks stretch on either hand into illimitable aisles. Or, perchance, his path shall lead him up to some radiant sanctuary where nature

PIZ ALBANA AND PIZ JULIER IN WINTER.

seems taking her winter rest in undisturbed repose: no breath of wind breaks the stillness, nor note of bird, nor human footfall: the earth as he ascends puts on a new magnificence, and the grace of the fashion of it changes, the heaven deepens to a diviner blue, and the shadows to a richer purple, the peaks close round and rise cathedral-like on every side—a cathedral vast and soaring, vaulted with unfathomable sky, piled and pinnacled, sculptured and wrought, beyond any architect's imagining, and clothed with light as with a garment.

CHAPTER IX

CAMPFER

CAMPFER is the next village in the valley. Besides numerous footpaths, direct and indirect, two high-roads connect it with St Moritz—an upper from the village, affording pleasant views, and a lower from the Baths, following up the Inn, which it crosses about midway. This part of the river's course is the ancient Lassala, the fishing rights in which had, as already mentioned, a marketable value six centuries ago. The name still survives in the Sela gorge, cut by the Inn through the transverse barrier of schist which extends across the valley just below Campfer. The angler, noting the clear pools and babbling rapids and quiet reaches with which it meanders through the green meadows, among masses of grey rock and hoary larch or under willows leaning from islets of sand and shingle, will readily understand its ancient importance to the Friday table of the bishops of Chur.

This transverse bar of schist forms the last of the rocky steps which separate the valley into three

reaches, forming as many lake-basins, though, as already mentioned, the lower lake has now disappeared; the second is but a remnant of its former self, while the third has been divided into three by detritus brought down by the Fex at Sils, and the Surlej and Julier at Silvaplana.

The question of the origin of such lakes is presented in the Upper Engadine in a manner that forces itself on the attention. What is the explanation of these deep basins, where we should expect a continuous trough of comparatively uniform incline, worn by the river? There have been those who were ready, here as elsewhere, with the universal specific of a glacial age, but Swiss geologists, with working examples of glaciers before their eyes, have always looked askance at too extensive an application of the glacial solution. Moreover, their wisdom not being of the type which suffers less well-informed minds with the gladness of the early Corinthians, they have been prone to remark to humble camp-followers of science that Englishmen had glaciers on the brain. Said a learned man to me in this connection: "It is one thing for a glacier to twiddle round a great stone and make a 'giant's cauldron,' and quite another to remove the millions of tons of rock necessary to form a basin, such as that of the lake of Geneva, fifty miles long and reaching to over seven hundred feet in depth. So far as I have observed it, ice planes and grinds, but it does not scoop." We, the camp-followers, can but glean

what appear to be the general conclusions of our betters, which in the present case seem to be that in the slow tectonic movements of the earth's crust, bars have been raised across the course of the river, which has thus been dammed up in a lake, and, as it were, drowned its former bed. Of course a crustal subsidence might have had the same result, or the two processes may have been combined.

The name Campfer (*Campus ferri*) commemorates the fact, of which there are other and ancient records, that in the whole of the district round the Julier and Septimer, iron ore was extensively worked. The name Pian Canfer, given to the boggy slopes on the right of the Val Cavreccia, which descends from the Septimer pass, preserves a similar record. Not only here, but throughout the Upper Engadine, mining and smelting were formerly considerable industries. Here, again, the episcopal archives of Chur teem with records of past economical conditions. The non-existence of the industry at the present day is one of the many evidences of the extent to which every district had to be self-sufficient before improved means of communication and locomotion rendered it easier and cheaper to import from outside than to utilise the local resources. Very noticeable are the indications of former cultivation of grain in the Upper Engadine, even as high as the Val Fex.

Beyond Campfer the road skirts the lake to Silvaplana. About half-way is the pleasant wooded

promontory of Il Piz, with its reduplicated hill, probably once an island which has been connected with the shore by deposits of the stream from the Piz d'Albana. It juts so far across the lake that it nearly cuts it in two, leaving, in fact, a channel no wider, though deeper, than that between the lakes of Campfer and Silvaplana, in which the water is supposed to momentarily resume the character of the river Inn.

The silvan shades in which, as its name records, Silvaplana was once embosomed, have long since given way to the green and flowery meadows which now cover the broad delta that the turbulent Julier stream has thrust across the lake. As I have already mentioned, a quotation from Horace, inscribed in large letters on the post-office stables, expresses appreciation of the neighbourhood which, it may be feared, Horace himself would have been far from feeling. The late Gothic church is a picturesque little structure, at least it was so when I last saw it; but it was then about to be restored, and I tremble to think of the appearance it may now present.

At Silvaplana are the works which supply electricity to the valley. A wooden aqueduct leaves the vehement Julier stream just about the tree limit, before it descends the deep chasm which it has worn in the Albanatscha, behind the village. The captured water is led along the hillside in a larch-wood trough, to be flung back into the stream in a fine fall after

what is required for the electrical works in the village has been taken off in pipes. Side by side with the electrical works is a water-wheel, the earliest and the latest harnessing of water-power, a striking illustration of the recent return of industry to its oldest helpmate.

An Englishman, accustomed to the limited use of electricity at home, is continually struck in Switzerland with the extent to which it has linked itself with the life of the people. Remote and primitive mountain villages have their public telephone, the housewife has her electric iron, even the cows have electric light in the stables in which they pass the winter. The extension of its industrial uses of late years is most remarkable. The playground of Europe is rapidly becoming a region of strenuous industry. The great rivers are being fringed with large, elaborately equipped factories, in which the use of water-power, pure and simple, and of electricity generated from it, are combined. It will be a curious instance of history repeating itself if manufacturing industry again seeks streams and rivers, as in the old days before water-wheels were superseded by steam. Population may some day be as congested in the mountain lands of cascades and torrents as now in the great coal basins. Even political power, which is so largely based on the power of the purse, may be a gift the future holds for the beautiful highlands which are now the neutral holiday resorts of the nations. If this is to be, one cannot be too thankful that the

"white coal," as the Swiss affectionately call their water-power, deals so much more gently and sympathetically with nature than the black. What a contrast to gasworks or a coal-mine is this clean, trim little building at Silvaplana, with its aqueduct of ruddy larch, and the fine cascade from the overflow of its reservoir adding a striking feature to the landscape. It is as though the grimy palm of Vulcan were replaced by the light finger of Apollo.

CHAPTER X

THE JULIER

THE Julier pass is the *raison d'être* of Silvaplana, and the Piz Julier is its glory. There are traces that the old Roman road to the pass ran high above the site of the present village; the promontory was probably then covered with pine forest, broken only by outbursts of the turbulent stream. The present road to the pass, by which one also starts to the peak, leaves the village opposite the Wildemann Inn, a fine example of a substantial old Engadine house. At the first turning walkers can take to the path by the telegraph posts up the Albanatscha, and save half an hour in the long winding of the highway.

Before the construction of the Albula railway, the Julier road was a frequent route for entry into the Upper Engadine, which makes a much more favourable first impression here than from the Albula. After emerging from the grey desolation of the two upper reaches of the valley, a superb view is gradually disclosed of the peaks and ice-fields of the Bernina group. More and more as we descend, the panorama

is extended to the right, first by the peaks ranged in front of the Fex glacier, and finally by the massive Margna. The one thing lacking is the Engadine: we seem to have arrived in a land of serried and far-stretched mountains in which there is no place for the valley of the Inn. So precipitous are its sides at this point, that no suggestion is given of the broad lake-filled chasm intervening between the immediate foreground and the sombre rampart which rises to the glistening fields and summits of snow. At length we are among the first outposts of the forest, gloomy, gaunt arolla and weather-beaten larch, their tops bared by many a blast; suddenly we see through the foliage the gleam of water and of verdure in the sunshine; a moment after, the lovely valley from Sils to St Moritz, with lakes and forests, meadows and clustered homes, is stretched below us.

In mounting to the pass, however, all this is behind us. We traverse a huge desolate trough of rock and screes rising to the serrated ridges which hedge round the Julier and Albana peaks on the right, and Piz Polaschin on the left. Two steps of moraine, marking the halting-places of a glacier, which slowly receded and finally disappeared, mount to successive, and almost level, reaches of the valley. The road winds through the first reach for about half an hour among chaotically strewn rocks, which have rolled down from the Munteratsch, and are the haunt of innumerable marmots. If the passer-by

have luck, he may surprise a group of the droll little creatures at play—or it may be work—and snatch a fearful joy watching their gambols, till some sound or movement sends them scuttling into their holes.

We then reach the broad boggy pastures of the Julier Alp. On the right is the acla or dairy, two long, grey buildings, sticking like limpets to huge rocks which partly form their walls, where the cows which pasture round are milked and butter and cheese are made.

Here the path to the Piz Julier leaves the high-road, which, after traversing the Alp, finally mounts in zigzags to the pass, a broad saddle of rock, bog, and pasture, flecked with snow and seamed with rivulets, the course of the latter embroidered with marsh-marigolds, looking pleasantly homely amid the rich nival flora near them. The tarns on the left are stocked with trout, in spite of being 7500 feet above the sea.

The highest point of the pass is marked by two round stone pillars, five feet high, standing on either side of the road; they are without inscription, nor, I believe, is there any extraneous record of their origin or date: they are naturally ascribed to the Romans, but, naturally again, this is disputed. It is pointed out that no schoolboy is more given to carving his name than were the ancient masters of the world, that it is most unlike them to have left such landmarks without inscription, and that the

THE JULIER PASS.

pillars may have an origin far anterior to the Roman occupation.

There is a similar difference of opinion about the name Julier, which obviously claims relationship with the great Cæsar. The philologist in the Engadine, with the plastic and inexhaustible resources of Celtic at command, is seldom content to leave an obvious Latin derivation unquestioned. It is suggested that the name of Julius Cæsar is about the biggest umbrella in history: that any place-name having some phonetic resemblance to it would be insensibly modified, so as to give it a title to stand *sub magni nominis umbra:* that there was a Celtic sun-god Jul—the conclusion follows naturally.

Whatever be the origin of the name or of the pillars, there is something strangely impressive in these rude records that nameless men planted thus early in these vast solitudes. Their very smallness and meanness, in the midst of the savage desolation around, appeals to the imagination. Nature has sentinelled the pass by a rocky pyramid rising superb and beautiful towards heaven, as though in scorn of the puny human landmarks beside it, yet, as in Pascal's great saying, the uncouth little pillars are more wonderful than the most imposing resultant of the unrecking forces of nature. If ages hence some intelligent existence should visit our planet when it "rolls with the dust of a vanished race," more cause for wonder and more food for thought would be furnished by the most squalid cottage or the

unloveliest factory, did such survive, than by the proudest mountain of the Alps.

As already mentioned, the path to the Piz Julier leaves the high-road at the commencement of the Julier Alp. After the pastures, it ascends among the rocky wreckage by which time wears down the proudest peaks to the *kamin*, or chimney, a deep chasm where snow lingers through the summer, which is about an hour from the summit.

Sketches are given of the twin peaks of the Julier and Albana in summer and in winter. By their proud isolation, their noble proportions, their bold and soaring outline, they will have attracted the lover of mountains from his first arrival with a compelling charm, which must, sooner or later, lead him to them. He who is fortunate enough to be on the summit of the Julier on a clear day, or on one of those days of atmospheric magic which are even more impressive than unbroken clearness, will never forget the time spent there, "walled by wide air and roofed by boundless heaven"; on every side, range rises beyond range, and peaks crowd on the horizon, as though an almighty fiat had stayed the billows of a stormy sea, and fixed them in a great calm.

There is a strange relationship between mountains and the sea, as in the appeal to liberty that Wordsworth heard in both. Often in mid-ocean mountain scenes have risen in my mind, as though from some subtle association, and here, on the summit of the

Julier, the hackneyed expression of "a sea of mountains" recurs irrepressibly.

The descent may be made along the rocky ridge of the eastern spur till we reach the zigzags which descend over screes to the Alp Suvretta, whence we go down the Suvretta da St Moritz to Campfer, or a pleasant path over the Albana pastures may be taken on the right, passing by the Orchas Alp, and descending to the Julier road just above Silvaplana.

Another delightful walk from Silvaplana, as from most places in the Upper Engadine, is to the Fuorcla Surlej. This saddle between the Piz Corvatsch and Munt Arlas, which has been already mentioned, is equally accessible from Silvaplana, Sils, St Moritz, or Pontresina. It thus affords a pleasant way of going from any place in the main valley, to the side valley of the Bernina. Both it and the Piz Surlej take their name from a ruined hamlet, one of the few on the right side of the valley, which is reached by a wooden bridge from Silvaplana. Surlej was originally the village of the lake, and existed long before Silvaplana, but was destroyed by outbreaks of the Surlej brook in 1793 and 1834—turbulent episodes in the formation of its delta—a few walls still stand and the shell of the church, roofless and choked with shingle.

The walk thither from Silvaplana affords a good illustration of the energetic action of mountain streams. One descends from Silvaplana over the broad cone of detritus which has been excavated from the Julier

valley and from the deep gorge by which the stream descends from it. This has choked the stream that formed it, and thrust it to its extreme right, so that its course is in the reverse direction to that of the Inn. Here it is busily prosecuting the same work, extending the delta up the left side of the lake to meet that which the less boisterous Inn is quietly and persistently extending from the upper end.

A picturesque wooden bridge of about 100 feet, connects this delta of the Julier with that of the streams which seam the precipitous descent on the opposite side. These wooded precipices, down which the Surlej brook leaps in a fine fall, once encircled a large bay which has now been completely filled up.

One is sometimes surprised at the work ascribed to so yielding an element as water in destroying and renewing the face of the earth—the huge valleys it has carved out, the stately hills that it has laid low, the wide plains that it has spread—but surprise vanishes in watching one of these mountain streams in flood. When, on the melting of the snow in spring, or after heavy rains, we find some tiny rivulet, whose clear waters can ordinarily be stepped across anywhere, transformed into a raging torrent, turbid with mud and gravel, and see great stones bounding wildly down its bed, and when we remember that this is but one among thousands like it, the wonder is, not that the mountains are worn away, but that there are any mountains left. This, too, is only one of the ways in which the yielding element carries on incessant war

against the solid earth. Always and everywhere it is insinuating itself into the rock, subtly dissolving it with constituents it has acquired in passing through the still more yielding air, or splitting and riving it by expansion into ice.

I have mentioned but a few of the delightful rambles by which the neighbourhood of Silvaplana justifies the quotation from Horace on its stables; one may sally forth from it at random and be sure of finding oneself in pleasant ways.

CHAPTER XI

SILS

THE road up the valley from Silvaplana lies straitly between the left shore of the lake and the mountains which rise precipitously from it. Walkers will do well after Campfer to take the path which follows the lakes on the right side of the valley, every step of which is beautiful. It leads now under shady trees, now over park-like or rock-strewn slopes; sometimes it deftly picks its way up and down, in and out, along precipitous hillsides, amid many-hued crags, shattered, riven and torn, set with steadfast-rooted pine and larch, festooned with red roses and inlaid with rhododendron, dwarf blue clematis, and countless other lovely flowers; occasionally may be found masses of the rare and stately Alpine columbine. On the right are the ever-changing waters of the lakes, or the flat flowery meadows that separate them.

Cyclists, of course, keep to the high-road on the opposite side, and will do well to remember that, as a strong wind usually sets down the valley during the

day, the earlier the start the better. Those who leave St Moritz any time before seven will be well rewarded not only by the absence of wind, but by seeing the lakes in their loveliest aspect, when woods and mountains, blue sky and floating clouds, are glassed in the still waters,

> Leaving that beautiful which was before,
> And making that which was not,

so that even the stuccoed front of the unloveliest hotel bears its part in the general enchantment by the long shafts of light that its reflection sends down into the depths. One has a delightful run back from Maloja before a stern wind, an ideal opportunity for those who can raise their gear.

While staying at St Moritz in the summer of 1906, my wife and I took this ride with the intention of looking round hotels at Maloja, where we thought of spending some time. But vainly do those who travel with an open mind make plans beforehand. In passing Sils Baselgia, we were struck with a large building in the quaint and varied Engadine architecture. It was not till we had dismounted to look at what we took for a picturesque country house, that we noticed the superscription of Hotel Margna. Entering into conversation with the landlord, who was superintending some work in the garden, he asked us to go over it, and we had not gone far before we felt that the object of our expedition was settled. "How about staying here?" I asked, well knowing that the con-

sultation was an empty form. "We can't stay anywhere else," was the unhesitating answer. And there we were for the remaining month of our holiday.

It would be quite out of place in this book to speak of hotels as such, nor in the Upper Engadine is there need. Inn-keeping has there been elevated to a science; any remarks I make about the edifices which house it, refer to them as public buildings or features of the scenery. As such, this beautiful house at Sils Baselgia realised what I had long waited for in Switzerland—an hotel in the traditional architecture of the district and in harmony with the scenery around it. No old Engadine house which seems to have dreamed away the centuries on its quiet hillside or in its village street, realises this ideal more sufficingly than the Hotel Margna.

Within, it is as full of nooks and surprises, of unexpected turns and corners and recesses, as an old country house, which, in fact, it is. Its history is rather interesting, and is characteristic of the Upper Engadine. Its builder, Janon Josti, commenced life as the goat-boy of the village. One of his flock having broken her leg, he ran away, fearing punishment, obtained employment with a confectioner, learnt the business, started a cake-shop in Berlin, which developed into the Café Josti, and made a fortune. In 1817 he revisited his native valley, then in dire distress from famine. It might

have seemed that the commune had scant claims on the runaway goat-boy, but not so thought Josti. He was not going to make cakes for Berliners, and let his own people lack bread. So, with the view of giving employment, he set to work to build this "patrician house" regardless of expense, or, rather, on the unusual principle of expending as much as possible.

The result is seen in its massive and elaborate construction. The picturesque, but apparently needless, wall which surrounds it was pointed out to me as his final device for spending money. His descendants, I fear, were not as industrious as himself, and ultimately the father of the present proprietor, Signur Peter Badrutt, bought the house with all that it contained. This accounts for the old carved chests in the halls, and the family portraits and other paintings on the walls, some of considerable merit, others very quaint. One in the entrance hall is an example of homely anachronism in biblical illustration; the patriarch Isaac is shown in a four-post bedstead receiving pottage from Jacob, whose outstretched hands are clad in neatly-made mittens of kid-skin, a tippet of which is round his neck, suggesting that Rebecca was an expert and expeditious needlewoman; on a shelf above, a row of medicine-bottles, duly corked and labelled, define the situation. Through the open window, the unsuspecting Esau is seen with a blunderbuss, aiming at a fat buck from a somewhat unsportsmanlike distance which should

leave no uncertainty as to the genuine venison being shortly forthcoming.

Signur Badrutt has recently entrusted the restoring, enlarging, fitting and furnishing of the house to Signur Nicol Hartmann, of whom I have already spoken. The result is an object-lesson of antiquarian feeling and artistic taste. Old features have been piously preserved, and their spirit carried into the new work with infinite variety, and down to the smallest detail. Even things that are generally accepted as unavoidably commonplace, such as ventilating openings and central heating apparatus, are made charming features. Old construction has been utilised with the resourceful ingenuity I have already mentioned in the bridge-room of the Hotel Kulm. Especially quaint and cosy are two vaulted rooms, originally kitchen and store-room; the large open fireplace of the kitchen has been left, and is filled with blazing logs on the slightest provocation from the fickle Engadine climate. On its deep projecting hood is the traditional Engadine greeting: *Dieu 'ns Allegra*, "God give you joy."*

* The "Salüds Romauntschs" of Conradin de Flugi may be interesting as a specimen of the language:—

"Dieu 'ns allegra!"
O che bel e consolant salüd!
Quelch 'ais allegro, ho 'l meglder s-chüd.
Tel salüd—ah poch pü üsitô—
Da nos vegls il cordiel ais stô.

The new wood- and metal-work suffers nothing in comparison with the old, which in the Engadine is the highest praise that can be given. The arolla wood is, as a rule, left its natural tint, though occasionally colour is effectively used; the beam and plaster ceiling of the beautiful dining-hall are an admirable example of good effect produced with few and simple materials. The bedrooms have been as carefully and artistically thought-out as the rest; no two are alike, and each has some quaint feature, some ingenious adaptation of structural necessity to practical convenience, which renders it a fitting framework to the lovely view which every window commands. My wife's appreciation culminated in an exclamation which is, I should say, unique in the record of mountain hotels: "I do hope we

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"Stè con Dieu!"
O che dutsch e confortus cumiô!
Megl nun po ün sgür gnir licenziô.
Hoz in dì tuot ais complimentus—
Sencha simplicited, tuorna tar nus.

"God give you joy,"
Beautiful and cheering greeting.
Whom He gives joy to has the best of blessings.
This greeting, now too seldom used,
Comes to us from the heart of the good old time.

"Be with God,"
Sweet and comforting farewell
When friends must part.
Nowadays we overflow in compliments—
Sacred simplicity return to us.

shall have some rainy days that I shall be obliged to spend indoors."

There are two Sils. Near the high-road on the left of the valley is Sils Baselgia, so called from the ancient church, or basilica, of the neighbourhood, and the more modern and now more important Sils Maria, which also in time built itself a church whose sentinel-like belfry may be seen from afar, rising above the village roofs with the peculiar wide-awake expression that a clock and windows often give a tower. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than between this alert-looking tower and the dreamy spire of the little mother church, standing lonely between its hamlet and the tranquil Inn, as though it had ceased to have anything to do with the affairs of the world, and was but a "grief-worn memory of old years."

The interior is quite uninteresting, except for some curious mortuary slabs on the floor. One cannot help thinking that the churches must once have had their share of the pains and taste which have been so freely lavished on the interior of old houses throughout the district, but, either from neglect or from some unfortunate notion of ecclesiastical fitness, not a wrack remains.

The hamlet consists of some score of houses in the picturesque style, and with the lovely lichened stone roofs of the valley. The large irregular pile of the hotel, instead of being the jarring note among its primitive surroundings which mountain hotels

SILS BASELGIA.

usually are, seems the proper completion of them, the protecting and seignorial house which it once was, and the functions of which, in giving employment to its humbler neighbours, it still fulfils, though on a more commercial basis.

Those who would see an excellent specimen of an old Engadine house, should ask Signura Badrutt to show them over the private house of the family. The panelling in one vaulted room is especially good. In the other rooms the ceiling also is in panel. In one all the hinges, locks, and other fittings are in old brass-work, a pleasing variation of the usual iron. The fittings of the doors are throughout particularly interesting; perhaps the best specimens are in two servants' rooms in the roof, too low to stand upright in, and so rudely walled and ceiled with balks of timber that one wonders that such good work should have been lavished on the doors.

An interesting little inmate of this interesting house is Signura Badrutt's youngest child, who, when I last saw her, at the age of four, already spoke Romansch, Italian, German, and French, and so instinctively sorted the languages in her little brain as to talk to each of the cosmopolitan employees in the house in their own tongue. This infant prodigy is a good example of the polyglot Engadiners; Romansch and German being equally current in the valley, they are, as it were, born with a key to Latin and Teutonic languages in their mouths. The natural gift of tongues is sedulously fostered in the

schools, and the general habit of migration perfects and extends it. If the saying attributed to Bismarck, that a man doubles his value with every language he learns, be true, the Engadiners are worthy folk indeed.

Sils Maria nestles cosily in a recess on the right of the valley, behind a rocky hill which rises as an island from the flat meadows that have supplanted the lake. Not many years ago it was a typical little Engadine village of the more well-to-do sort. Its ancestral industry was fishing, the lake teeming with trout, often running to a great size. Campell states that many of the inhabitants lived on nothing else, eating them, he records with horror, half-raw, without bread. Others bartered their superfluous fish for other victuals, and "lived more like human beings."

The more enterprising inhabitants sought occupation abroad, and, when they had made their pile, returned to spend it in their native village. This combination of the migratory and the homing instinct accounts for the number of substantial and carefully built houses in a region of meagre natural resources.

But Sils Maria was too lovely a spot to be left unmolested. Great hotels now rise above its picturesque buildings, and more are rising. No doubt they offer within all that can be asked of an hotel, but it could be wished that without they were more in harmony with their surroundings.

The Two Sils

The names of these two villages have afforded much exercise to etymologists. Dr Lechner, who is not easily daunted where etymology is concerned, dismisses Segl as "abermals ein Name welcher den Etymologen Kopweh gemacht hat." I think my wisest course is to spare my reader's head and my own any attempt to examine it.

The older Sils, Segl Baselgia, has but lately rescued its name from orthographical mishandling. From the curious trick of reduplication that seems inherent in human speech, it had long been written Segl Baseglia, thus destroying the record of the old basilica which was imbedded in the original name as a fossil in a stone. The correct spelling, Segl Baselgia, has now been officially adopted. The retransposition of those two letters is like the restoration of a birthright. On what a long historical ramble imagination sets out, starting from that rude little building, which even stucco and pink-wash have not been able to rob of its air of witnessing to a vanished past.

However etymologists may differ about Sils Maria, they all agree that it has no right, beyond the indefeasible right given by the *vox populi*, to be Maria. Santa would certainly not have been omitted were this the original form. The most approved opinion appears to be that the name is identical with the mediæval "Mayria," the German "Meierei," all being corruptions of "Majoria," the name applied to a large property with the colonists thereto appertain-

ing, both tenants and the "half-free folk" who were attached to the soil.

The neighbourhood of Sils is best described by the word idyllic, which leaps to Swiss lips whenever they refer to it, whichever of the several languages of the confederation they may speak, for the pleasant Greek vocable has been naturalised in all. Everywhere around is the mixture of larch and pine, of leaning crag and rugged rock and bright-hued water, that gives the notion of having wandered through the back-scenes of a romantic drama to find oneself actually amid the scenery which had been crudely suggested on the canvas. It seems quite appropriate to meet the Bergamasc shepherds and cowherds, bronzed in face and wild in bearing, looking in their picturesque costumes like brigands of the first water, till the offer of flowers in soft Italian, and a transfer of small coin, establishes the friendly relations that obtain naturally behind the scenes with the desperate characters of the stage.

The Val Fex, which stretches up some five miles in a nearly straight line to the south-east of Sils Maria, is perhaps the most beautiful of the lateral valleys of the Upper Engadine. From between the pillars of the sunny, cloister-like, breakfast-gallery of the Hotel Margna, the most striking feature in the view is its wide-stretched glacier, seeming to sag between the Capütschin and the Piz Led, as it were a great white sheet let down from heaven.

A carriage road runs up the valley, mounting to

VAL FEX.

it in zigzags over the Laret (laricetum), a common place-name in the larch-clad Upper Engadine. Walkers may reach the Val Fex by various pleasant paths over the Laret or, more shortly, up the Derbyshire-like dale which the Fex has carved for its descent through the rocky bar which probably once dammed it up into a lake. The basin, which a lake may once have filled, forms the first reach of the valley, huge rocks, smoothed by ice or water, lifting their broad, grey backs above its flowery meadows. The picturesque cottages of two little hamlets, Platta and Crasta, are scattered at its lower and upper ends respectively. After Crasta, one arrives at the second reach of the valley. On the steep green slope which mounts to it is the picturesque little church, of which a sketch is given, with the glittering Fex glacier and its attendant peaks in the background.

On either side of the glacier, interesting though somewhat toilsome passes lead to Chiesa, in the beautiful Val Malenco, and thence down to Sondrio, the capital of the Valtelline. In a few hours we exchange ice-bound heights, rising above sombre pines and cautious, close-growing Alpine flora, for spreading groves and trellised vines, and the luxurious breezes of the south.

The route to the right, passing by the curiously-shaped rock, Il Chapütsch, "The Cap," is said to have been once much used for traffic between the two valleys. That to the left, longer and more difficult, mounts over the Fex glacier to the Fuorcla Fex

Scerseen, the saddle between the Tremoggia and Glüschaint peaks, and descends over the Scerseen glacier to the Val Entova and Chiesa.

The great rocky down which separates the Fex and Fedoz valleys affords fine views; it may be ascended from the Val Fex, or a pleasant walk may be had thither from Sils through the Laret, afterwards mounting among piled and splintered masses of mica-schist, a veritable *ruina montis*, to Mott Ota, a lovely point of view. It looks down on the whole chain of Upper Engadine lakes, seeming masses of torquoise in an emerald setting. On the right the beautiful Val Fex, with its scattered houses and little chapel, mounts to the widespread glacier with crowded peaks beyond. On the left is the wild ravine of the Fedoz, the billowy ice-field at its head descending in a crumpled and crevassed glacier, from the foot of which the stream meanders through a waste of shingle till lost in the narrow winding cleft down which it rages to its final furious leap behind Isola to its delta. Farther to the left, a crowd of rocky peaks ring round the abyss of blue haze which covers the steep descent into Italy.

Still more imposing, but hardly so beautiful, is the view obtained by walking farther along the great down to the Plaun Grand, the Stüvetta, or the Mott Selvas, whence is a path to the Val Fex, or one may descend at will into the dreary Val Fedoz, and down to Isola.

Another fine point of view is Marmorè, on the

right of the Val Fex. This also may be ascended from the Val Fex, or directly from Sils Maria by zig-zags that wind pleasantly through the usual mixture of larch and crag. An interesting continuation of this walk leads to the savage amphitheatre round the little Lej Sgrischus, "the shuddering lake." This mountain tarn, 8695 feet above the sea, which is frozen for nine months of the year, abounds in trout, a striking instance of the hardiness of these redoubtable little fish. How they came there it is hard to say, but if the tarn were stocked by human enterprise, it must have been centuries ago, as the renting of the fish-take is of old date.

A little further on is the Lej Alv, and above it a delightful mountain pass, the Fuorcla da Fex-Rosegg, connects Sils with the Mortel club-hut in the Val Rosegg and so with Pontresina. After the steep ascent to the pass, a glorious view of peaks and glaciers breaks on us. The walk is easier, though the view is less dramatic, in the reverse direction.

If the traveller have arrived at Sils by any such route as this, and wish a lazy day afterwards, he cannot find a more ideal place in which to spend it than the narrow promontory of Chastè, which stretches half a mile into the lake in front of Sils Baselgia. There he may saunter over larch-clad rocks and patches of flowery meadow, or lounge on springy undergrowth, and be filled with a great content. The eye is satisfied with seeing, and the

ear with hearing. The ripples lap upon the rocky shore, streams hum in the great mountain that rises like a wall beyond the water, birds twitter in the trees above, and the wind whispers among the boughs, the world seems flooded with a vast, satisfying murmur which

overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes.

The promontory takes its name, Chastè, from a castle which stood on its highest point, some ruins of which still remain. A rock at the end is inscribed to Friedrich Nietzsche, philosopher, poet, prophet. The apostle of unbridled individualism and self-assertion, himself so helpless in the cruel grip of circumstance, frequently sought to soothe life's fitful fever in this lovely spot. Below his name are his own lines:

O Mensch gieb acht
Was spricht die tiefe mutter Nacht?
Ich schlief, ich schlief,
Aus tifem Traum bin ich erwacht—
Die Welt ist tief
Und tiefer als der tag gedacht
Tief ist ihr Weh—
Lust—tiefer noch als Herzeleid:
Weh spricht: wergeh!
Doch alle Lust will ewigkeit—
Will tiefe, tiefe ewigkeit!

On the opposite shore, by Maloja, stands a block of breccia inscribed to Thomas Henry Huxley.

Confronting one another across the blue waters of the little lake are these memorials to two men who, spiritually, were sundered by a gulf that all the oceans of the world would fail to represent. They might almost be taken as types of the ineffectual and the efficient. The one, spending great gifts in the futile endeavour to undo all that mankind most prize, attaining no whither, achieving nothing—nothing, that is, at which he aimed, for I suppose that in our interdependent modern world few men's outlook upon life is quite the same as though Nietzsche had not spoken. The other, frankly, even cynically, recognising his limitations, and doing with his might whatsoever he thought that his hand found to do in the inexhaustible little world that remained, even though it were to smite the weaker brother, who could not live by bread alone; that smiting of weak brethren is, indeed, the one trait common to the two.

There can be no doubt which was the more exemplary, and which the happier man. Yet Nietzsche, lost soul though we may deem him, was of the promethean ranks from which the elect of the earth are taken. No material attainment will make men willing to spare those who deal with the obstinate questionings of invisible things—the knowledge of good and evil, and the fruit of the tree of life. Ten thousand of them may fail in their high emprise, and wander in dark and barren ways, but one, now and then in the centuries, passing within the veil, and not

blinded by the light, sees the things that men desire to look into, and returns to his fellows to

> bring some holy thing
> Their waiting souls to cheer,
> Some sacred word that he hath heard,
> Which is their life to hear,

and which is worth more to them than any material achievement. Is there any such achievement for which mankind would give the little book of Psalms?

Of course we need both orders of mind, and there is no fear of our overlooking our need of the Huxleys. Humanity will never be so enamoured of plain living and high thinking as to be content to sit out its existence on a midden, singing psalms and chipping flints.

In speaking of Huxley, as the memorial rightly does, as he himself would doubtless have desired, as a naturalist, one should not in these days of Education Bills forget—though it is almost amusing to remember—that once, on the London School Board, he also was among the prophets.

CHAPTER XII

ISOLA

WALKERS proceeding up the valley from Sils may go on either side of the lake. On its left is the high-road, to which they must keep till they have passed the screes of La Crappa ; then the mountain wall, seamed with gills and festooned with cataracts up to the sky-line, recedes and embays pleasant slopes of pasture, rock, and forest. A path commanding fine views, leads up these to the rude hamlets of Gravasalvas and Blaunca, seated on the green saddle between the Crap da Chuern and the main ridge, whence we may descend to Capolago, at the head of the lake. A curious streak of trias runs from this promontory of Crap da Chuern to the Piz Longhino.

A direct and charming path on the right of the lake leads from Sils to Maloja, past the picturesque little hamlet of Isola, slumbering on its green promontory by the rush and roar of the tumultuous Fedoz. As the path approaches it along the cliff its lichen-gilded stone roofs, nestling close together

below, form a satisfying mass of rich colour. A quarry in the neighbouring Val Fex is the principal source of supply of these slate-like slices of mica-schist that render roofs such a pleasing feature in Engadine scenery. Behind Isola, the Fedoz descends in a fine fall, bringing material for the delta which bids fair to one day cut the lake in two. Already it has annexed two little islands, and it is stretching out its tongue to a third. At present the stream is so thrust to the right by its own deposits that it looks as though the next change in the scenery would be the filling up of the bay between Isola and Chastè.

Very interesting is the old tavern at Isola, formerly a country seat of the Vertemati family of Plurs. The panelling, the cupboards, the architraves to the doors, and the furniture are quite a study in wood-work. In one vaulted room is an elaborately carved bedstead with sliding doors; at the foot are the arms of the husband and wife for whom it was made, with the date 1677. The common-room of the tavern is a vaulted chamber frescoed with the legend of "Acteon il Curioso"; some quaint verses in archaic Italian condemn his indiscretions, and take occasion from them for some excellent advice to men in general and husbands in particular.

Following the shady path on the fringe of the happily named Bosco della Palza, "the wood of rest," one passes the memorial already alluded to, a block of breccia of igneous rocks inscribed:

MALOJA FROM THE ROAD TO ISOLA.

"In memory of the illustrious English writer and naturalist, Thomas Henry Huxley, who passed many summers at the Kursaal Hotel, Maloja. Erected 1896."

A little farther on, at the head of the lake, are some fine ice-smoothed rocks and ice-borne boulders.

By one or other of these ways we arrive at the pleasant space between Sils lake and the descent towards Italy, which goes by the name of Maloja, a name which strictly belongs to its extreme western edge, the nearest approach to a pass that the truncated valley presents. At the other end is an old hamlet known by the descriptive name of Capolago, but houses are now scattered over the whole space.

For the origin of the name Maloja, Malöggia in Romansch, Maloggia in Italian, there is the usual choice. It must be admitted that the derivation mal alloggio, "evil abode," is very like an ill-natured pun, and it is but natural that a locality which of late years has laid itself out to attract visitors should seek an etymology of better omen. The protean resources of Celtic are, of course, equal to the occasion, and afford Maloja and the many places having cognate names, such as Mals, Malenco, Malvaglia, Via Mala, ample support in repudiating all connection with the Latin *malus*. *Mal* is said to signify "water," and to those who recall our Welsh *mael*, which we are usually told means "mountain," the alternative is offered of taking the latter part of

the name, öggia, as identical with *oiche*, "water," a word which in its resemblance to *aqua* at once gives an opening for Aryan roots—I will not further pursue the familiar path.

Unfortunately for the first impression of Maloja, the most salient object is the huge bulk of the Kursaal, looking grotesquely incongruous with its surroundings. How any sane men can have erected such a building in such a spot passes comprehension, especially as models of better things were ready to hand. The same expenditure would have produced a building in the massive and picturesque Engadine style eminently suited for winter habitation, a purpose which, I believe, dominated the construction. The interior of the building is a sumptuous example of bad taste.

It is a satisfaction to think that no Engadiner is responsible for this outrage on his native valley. It was designed for the Belgian Comte de Renesse by a Belgian architect, Monsieur Jules Rau. The count having exhausted his funds, though unfortunately not before the deplorable structure was completed, the property was taken over by the Caisse des Propriétaires of Brussels, who formed a separate company for exploiting it. Every lover of the Engadine must wish that the whole pack of them had kept their financial and architectural enterprise within their native land.

Immediately behind the Kursaal are the golf links, the fourth provision for that seductive pastime

which we have met with, and nearly as sporting as the incalculable links at St Moritz. Dr Stuart Tidey, in his booklet, *Maloja*, gives a detailed description of their attractive difficulties and disappointments, together with much information on the neighbourhood as a health resort.

Just above the links is the English church, so light and graceful a little building that it would be captious to object that, though it be Swiss, it is not Engadine. Under the choir is what looks like an open crypt, if so Hibernian an expression be permissible, benched and chaired as though for an occasional service. The first Sunday that I rode over I stabled my wheel there, with some misgiving as to whether this were a legitimate use to which to put a crypt, but I afterwards found that it was but the entrance to the cellars of the Kursaal, and that the peculiar constructions in the churchyard, which look like stranded chimneys, were its ventilators.

On a hillock opposite is the Roman Catholic church. "Why here and elsewhere in this stronghold of Protestantism?" the visitor may ask; but, in addition to Catholic visitors from all parts of the world, there is a large and growing Italian population in the Upper Engadine, for which its Church has to make provision.

The employment afforded by the great development of the "fremdenindustrie" of late years has attracted a stream of the overflowing population of

Italy, and especially of the industrious and skilful Italian masons. Each census shows an increase in the Italian-speaking and in the Catholic population, and the visitor's attention is continually attracted to it. Frequently, on entering an Engadine cottage, one is surprised by seeing on the walls pictures of the Madonna and saints; more often still, portraits of the three latest popes, seeming an ascending spiritual series: Pius IX., good-humoured and *rusé;* Leo XIII., ascetic and statesmanlike, the very personification of pure intellect; Pius X., enthusiastic and unworldly. These are an almost unfailing feature of the humble Roman Catholic interior. I fancy the prisoner of the Vatican appeals much more strongly to the imagination of his flock than did the ruler of the states of the Church. Indeed, is there in our modern world a more appealing and pathetic figure than that venerable *servus servorum,* bound with immemorial chains of tradition and routine, a belated Canute, dutifully reciting injunctions to the heedless waves, dimly conscious all the while that

> the broad Atlantic rolls behind,
> Throbbing respondent to the far-off orbs.

The picturesque chalet, now an hotel, calling itself Osteria Vecchia, was built by the unfortunate Belgian count for his private residence. So excellent is it that one feels that perhaps his architect, and not himself, was responsible for the atrocities of the Kursaal.

Opposite this is another good modern chalet which was the residence of the painter Giovanni Segantini, of whom the Upper Engadine is justly proud, and is still inhabited by his family. At the back is his studio, a curious little circular building that looks on entering more like a comprehensive library than the workshop of a great artist, but Segantini's studio was the Engadine. The grave of the great pointillist is in the cemetery: a monument by Bistolfi, somewhat cryptic in design, after being in the exhibition of 1906 at Milan, is about to be erected to his memory by his admirers.

Through a gate on the right a road winds up among pines and purple rocks to the Hotel Belvedere, another abortive enterprise of the luckless Belgian, with a nondescript air of *chateau manqué*. Though not so unsightly as the Kursaal, it is far from worthy of its superb situation on the edge of the great cliff which rises from the Val Bregaglia. There are few more imposing precipices in the Alps than this, set with straight-stemmed, bronze-foliaged firs, enlivened, wherever some little flat gives footing, with patches of green grass and bright blossom. The grounds of the Belvedere abound in impressive records of ice-action, including some of the finest examples of glacier caldrons that I know.

Just before the road begins its steep descent, is the Maloja Kulm Inn, a substantial stone building with an attractive air of having braved for long years the sweeping storms of the pass. Its claim to be an

ancient hospice is, I believe, doubtful, but there was probably some hostelry here from very early times for the many pilgrims who came to St Moritz from Italy. The nine lofty windows of its fine dining-hall command beautiful views in three directions.

A good idea of the neighbourhood of Maloja is given by the sketch of the Lago di Cavloccio. The walk to it along the valley of the Ordlegna is best described by the hackneyed term romantic. The path winds up through larch woods, by patches of bronze-hued bog and pine-crested crags, ruddy rhododendron nestling in the niches of their grey and purple sides: often it overhangs, and always it is within hearing of the Ordlegna, raging along its rocky bed, over which snow-bridges linger long after midsummer.

The history of this stream is interesting. It is the latest affluent of the Inn captured by the Maira; but this diversion of its waters from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean is not immediately due, as is that of the other streams, to the eating back of the Alpine watershed by the Maira, but to a great landslip on the lower slopes of the Piz Margna, which seems to have blocked its way to the lake. In ordinary circumstances, this would simply have resulted in the formation of a temporary lake, the overflow from which would soon have eroded a channel through the loosely compacted obstruction. At this stage, however, the advance northward of the

LAGO DI CAVLOCCIO.

Maira gave it a strategic advantage, enabling it to offer an easier descent to the Ordlegna, which now descends to it by several fine falls.

In the season these falls are sometimes lit up with magnesium and Bengal lights—somewhat sophisticated nature, it must be confessed, but the white light, seeming a concentrated and transfusing moonlight, has a singularly beautiful effect. Hardly beautiful—in fact, only to be described as infernal,—but very striking, is the lurid red light which gives the falls the appearance of a sullen stream of molten metal, such as might be imagined searing a landscape in hell.

The lake of Cavloccio seems ringed round with peaks, for the wooded hill which shuts it in on the north masks the valley lying between it and the grim rampart of mountain from which the Lagrev, Materdell, Gravasalvas and Lunghino rise like towers. To the east stands the rocky wall of the Tajeda, draped with torrents and cascades: opposite to it, on the west, the green slope of the Cavloccio Alp, streaked with the silver threads of rushing rivulets, rises steeply to the stony teeth of the Piz Salecina. At the head of the boggy meadow to the north, which not long since was probably part of the lake, are two long, low, stone-roofed dairies, so rudely built of the surrounding rock that they seem rather natural features than human handiwork. Above them to the south, presiding over all, towers the massive Monte del Forno, shown in the sketch,

with the snowy Muretto pass on its left. This pass was formerly much used for traffic between the valleys, but the advance of the glacier has interrupted this. From it we descend, having fine views of the majestic Monte Disgrazia on our right, to the flowery Val Malenco and the inexhaustible attractions of the Valtelline.

We cannot see in the sketch, nor from the lake, the great Forno glacier, which stretches beside and behind the peak on the right. A magnificent survey of this is had from the Forno club-hut, some two hours farther on. This hut, on a jutting rock at the base of the mountain, is set in the midst of a number of attractive peaks. Passing the night there, and starting while yet the snow is hard, we shall watch the dawn steal wistfully up from the east, lighting peak after peak with gentle, hesitating touches, as though the day were hardly well awake, and at length

> see the great sun rise
> From the narrow cornice edge,
> While the snow like powder flies,
> Scattered by the ice-axe edge.

Finally, resting in brilliant light on some snowy or rocky summit, we shall have the indescribable view which is only granted to the clear air of early morning.

If he who seldom rises early make an excursion such as this with a preconceived notion of what sunrise ought to be, he will probably be disappointed.

Lago di Bitabergo

In nothing does nature show herself less reciprocal to human subjectivity than in sunrises and sunsets. If man had had the making of them, they would assuredly have been interchanged. How appropriate to the sun's coming forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber should we think the frequent sunset decoration, when the flaming curtains of heaven seem drawn aside from far-stretched halls of light. Instead of this, in lieu of the spacious splendour of the evening sky, the fiery and exultant pomp which would so fitly surround the giant rejoicing to run his course, we have at sunrise a pervading and gentle melancholy, almost a weariness, which would seem more fitting for the quiet hour of rest when the long day's course is run. The prophet to whom the omens of coming woe were as the morning spread upon the mountains, was doubtless an early riser; but can we suppose that he, the supreme poet, who in words that are music pictured jocund day standing tiptoe on the misty mountain tops, was familiar with its listless, deprecatory approach? Almost alone of English poets, Milton, as in

> While the still morn went out with sandals grey,

expresses the gentle and timid advent of the dawn.

A sketch is given of the little Lago di Bitabergo, lying amid sombre forests which keep nearly every wind of heaven from ruffling the still surface that mirrors them. Above, on the north, peer the grim ramparts of Switzerland, and on the south the softer-

hued heights of Italy. A beautiful and sequestered spot, its quietness and peace only emphasised by the tinkle of goat-bells from the rough pastures of Salecina, which slope up behind the pine woods on the south.

LAGO DI BITABERGO.

CHAPTER XIII

VAL BREGAGLIA

The cyclist bound to Italy from Maloja has a delightful prospect before him. Even though he be not going on, he will do well to accord himself the run to Chiavenna, the delight of coasting down the many loops, bordered by stately firs, with which the road drops to the Val Bregaglia, till he finds himself lazily wheeling, almost on a level. Then, let him who has a higher gear use it, and pass swiftly through a changing panorama that will linger ever after in his memory like a dream. Now he will run between green meadows, and now under shady forests, past high-perched hamlets and through ancient villages, which, more and more, have the flavour of history that seems to pertain to everything in Italy. As always on the southern side of the Alps, the scenery is far more imposing than that on the north. The mountains that wall in the valley rise more abruptly, and soar into grander peaks against a sky of darker blue; the tints on them are richer and the shadows more deep; fine cascades

tumble down their precipitous sides and brawl over the meadows or are lost in deep ravines. Gradually the vegetation changes; the sombre conifers give place to branching chestnuts and umbrageous walnuts; fruit-trees appear, and trellised vines; very beautiful in spring is the peach and almond blossom, and the unexpected appearance of Alpine flowers in the grass under the budding vines. The architecture becomes more open and unreserved, the tending of house and garden and field more careless; all things remind us that we are passing into a clime where nature is more lavish and man less strenuous. An hour may be pleasantly loitered away in any of the villages that are passed, and much more should be given to the picturesque and beautifully situated little city of Chiavenna, seeming to stand at the parting of those different ways which are ever competing in the traveller's plans—on the one hand, Italy, dowered with art, romance, and hoary history; on the other, the grandest sanctuary that nature yet reserves to herself in Europe.

Those who leave Maloja on foot have a variety of attractive routes. That by the Muretto pass to the Valtelline has been already mentioned. In the other direction, a favourite route is by the Lunghino and Septimer passes, and by Bivio to the railway at Tiefenkastel; or, mounting west from the Septimer over gentle tarn-dotted slopes, to the Forcellina pass, which descends to Juf, the highest hamlet in Switzerland that is inhabited throughout the year, a pleasant

place for a few days' stay. Supreme in the fine group of mountains behind it, is Piz Platta, standing majestically among the hardly lesser peaks of the Jupperhorn, the Masserspitz, and behind, the bristling teeth of the Forbisch and Arblatsch. From Juf we may descend to Cresta, where we get again into the domain of the diligence, by which we may reach the rail at Thusis, passing through the romantic gorge which the Averserrhein has carved for itself and the road in the fine marble of the district.

The geology of the region passed through is most complex and interesting. In the mountains beyond Juf, grey and green schist, serpentine, diorite, gabbro, are mingled pell-mell with limestone, dolomitic and marble, gypsum, corneule, as though in a titanic and disordered museum. The Piz Platta is built of green schist; its neighbour the Averser-Weisberg is of triassic limestone, partly metamorphosed into marble. The Forbisch and Arblatsch are grey schist, and the Piz Grisch, by their side, is limestone. In the region of the Piz Err, that we have on our right in descending from the Septimer, we seem getting to consistent grey schist, and lo, in the midst of it, we have the Piz Toussa of limestone, partly dolomitic.

The first two or three hours of the walk above mentioned are by the slender, leaping stream, which is looked on as the beginning of the Inn, to the Lago di Lunghino, which is considered its source. It is not perhaps a very beautiful walk, but those

who, like my wife and myself, have followed the river up from the beautiful, mountain-girt capital of the Tyrol, which is named from bridging it, will not willingly forego a pilgrimage to the little lake that is its reputed source.

It is an imposing cradle for a great river. One comes suddenly upon it, and looking across the dark water to the sheer wall of rock, rising into solemn spires on the opposite side, the magnificent image of the righteousness which stands like the strong mountains, and the judgments which are as a great deep, rises irresistibly to the mind. The little stream escapes from its austere birthplace under a bridge of frozen snow, and flings itself, wild and white, down the steep descent to the lovely chain of lakes in which it rests before commencing its impetuous course to the Danube and the Black Sea.

In the first instance the stream was probably one of the most modest tributaries of the river it is now taken to represent; both its slender volume, and the fact that its direction is different to that of the Inn, prevent its being considered as, in any real sense, its source. The original source and all the upper affluents of the Inn have long ago been captured by the Maira, and diverted from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean. If we walk on up the neighbouring Piz Lunghino (and it is well worth the additional walk, its isolated position rendering it a far more commanding point of view than its

altitude of 9135 feet would lead one to expect), we shall look down on the field of the long battle of the waters which descend to the two great land-locked seas. It is the most striking example to be found of the slow but steady encroachment of the southern streams which is going on all along the Alps. The more abrupt slope on the south gives the streams greater erosive power, with the result that they are continually eating back into the range and thrusting the watershed to the north. Nowhere has the result been so extensive and startling as in the region below us.

Tracing back the course of the Inn through the lakes, we see it ending abruptly at Maloja, making the Upper Engadine a perfect type of a truncated valley with no terminal amphitheatre. Where are we to look for the original source of the great river that must have formed it? Heim, than whom there can be no greater authority, thinks it was away there, some seven or eight miles on our right, in the Val Marozzo, at present the upper part of the Val Bregaglia, of which the normal direction seems here reversed. He points out that this great amphitheatre, both in its altitude and its direction, fulfils the conditions required for the terminal of the valley of the Inn. The main watershed of the Alps, he thinks, must then have passed along a transverse ridge somewhere above Vicosoprano, thus assigning to the Inn the waters of the Val Moretta, and probably also of the Valle Albigna, in addition to

those of the Val Marozzo. The head-waters of the Maira gradually eat through this ridge and, by offering to those of the Inn a more rapid descent, captured them for the Mediterranean.

The lakes of the Upper Engadine were thus bereft of their parent source. The current of the rivulet from Lake Lunghino was quite unequal to sweeping down the deposits brought by its furious affluents, which were thus free to form the deltas that gradually are filling up the lakes. There were probably then three, of which, as already mentioned, the lowest has disappeared, the second has shrunk to a remnant, while the dwindled waters of the third have been silted into three. The fate, happily remote, of those that remain would seem to be to disappear, and this, as well as their present diminished size, is due to the usurpation of the Maira.

I like to contemplate in imagination the large aspect of that early world, when the old hemisphere could still do the big things which are now only to be found in the new. From vastly more extended ice-fields, the Inn flowed impetuously down, an ampler stream between loftier peaks, bearing with it without an effort the detritus with which its turbulent tributaries were trying to choke its lakes. Where now stands Landeck, it was joined by the combined waters of nearly all the lakes and rivers of Switzerland, for the Rhone and the Rhine had not then cut through the rampart of rock that barred their way to the north. Receiving on its left a comparatively

insignificant contribution from the Danube, the magnificent stream rolled eastward, "in pomp of waters unwithstood," through dense subtropical forests, whence huge-bodied, small-brained beasts came to wallow by its banks, to the vast Mediterranean of Europe and Central Asia, of whose waters the Black Sea, the Caspian, and the Sea of Aral are but dwindled pools.

Already, perhaps—so some having competence in the matter seem to think—there lurked in the shade of those vast forests, or in caves and dens of the earth, creatures strangely differing from all around them, whose descendants in the distant days were to overspread the earth and subdue it. Ill-equipped as they seemed in the struggle for existence, they yet had gifts that enabled them to outwit and lay low the great beasts whose strength was an hundredfold their own. Here and there, some of them already gave earnest of life in spheres which beast and bird knew not, scratching on stones and bones likenesses of the things about them that in truth and sureness of touch are hardly surpassed by the latest of their descendants.

What changes, one wonders, are still to come? How long will the solid peak beneath us withstand the continual flux? As one looks on the "sea of mountains" stretching, far as the eye can see, on every side, a new aptness appears given to the hackneyed figure. For seeing everywhere below the flash of cataracts and the riot of descending streams,

with the murmur in the air of innumerable waters, all incessantly engaged in the same work of transformation, the "everlasting hills" seem mutable as the waves of ocean,

> The hills are shadows, and they flow
> From form to form, and nothing stands;
> They melt like mists the solid lands,
> Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

THE SCHWARTZHORN FROM THE FLUELA HOSPICE.

CHAPTER XIV

A BOTANICAL DIGRESSION

THE valley of the Upper Engadine is indebted to its complete truncation for an element in its flora, a flora almost as cosmopolitan as its crowd of human visitors, and so interesting that a short digression on it may be permitted here. My remarks will be largely second-hand, and would have no value were they otherwise, but information on the subject is extensive and accessible, for in no field of science have the Swiss been more indefatigable workers than in the botany of their native land.

That which most attracts a stranger from lower levels are the strictly nival and alpine plants, which have the special biological character that plant-life acquires in elevated regions. There is no region so elevated but that some hardy outpost of the vegetable kingdom may be found there. We are apt to think that above the snow-line, which in the Alps is on an average a little over 8000 feet above the sea, lies a domain of unbroken winter, a kingdom of death,

devoid of all organic life. But man has yet to find on his little planet an altitude sufficient for this ; even the pink tint often noticeable on the eternal snow, is due to myriads of microscopic algæ, protococcus nivalis, and, apart from such nomadic vegetation, these inclement upper regions enshrine a tenacious flora peculiar to themselves. Nowhere is this so well represented as in the Grisons Alps, where Heer has noted 105 species, whereas the highest registered for any other part of Switzerland is 47. In small, scattered areas, amid rock and snow and ice, we find such plants as eritrichium nanum, androsace helvetica and glacialis, silene acaulis and excapa, draba Zahlbruckneri, persisting under the most trying conditions: intense sunshine during the day, intense cold at night, frequent snowfall, capricious and uncertain seasons.

Existence under such conditions has been rendered possible only by the evolution of a peculiar character—a close, crouching growth, a creeping habit, spreading rhizomes, exquisite little tufts of downy leaves which last several years, flowers without peduncles, often of brilliant colour; only the most persistent and cautious plants can hold their own, for it is not every summer that their seeds mature.

Below the nival flora, between 5000 and 8000 feet above the sea, is the alpine, which, though they are not subject to such rigorous conditions, have to reckon with great extremes of tempera-

ture, a long winter's burial in snow, a relatively dry climate, yet frequent envelopment in cloud and mist. They have to restrict their active life to the short period, the shorter as the altitude increases, during which the daily sunshine is sufficient to return to the ground more heat than is taken off at night; the draves, saxifrages, and associated plants can count on but fifty days or so in which to decorate themselves with leaves and expand their delicate blossoms.

Alpine plants are, of course, much more numerous than nival; in the Grisons 500 specimens have been noted above 6000 feet. Like the nival, they have evolved certain characteristics in adapting themselves to their environment; they are, in general, intensely herbaceous, giving vigour rather to operations underground than to those which meet the eye; the leaves, frequently arranged in rosettes, are often downy, the flower-buds carefully protected; many species mass themselves in cushions or closely packed tufts; in fact, all proceedings are dominated by the necessity of strict economy of organic development. Some exhibit a curious viviparous habit; as soon as the flowers are fully developed, the stalk begins to bend down towards the earth, where the seeds penetrate and take root. The viviparism of others recalls the marsupials of the animal kingdom; in the poa alpina, one of the fodders most esteemed by Swiss cattle, and common to the Alps, the Caucasus, the Himalaia and the polar regions, each spikelet grows into a tiny

plant while still, like a little kangaroo, upon the parent breast, and falls, ready rooted and leaved, to the ground.

It might be expected that the net result of all these conditions would give a certain uniformity to the Alpine flora, and, to some extent, this is the case; but, regarded in its entirety, it is rather diversity than uniformity that strikes us. Still more are we struck by the marked variety as we enter the strictly Alpine domain from the lower slopes. As a rule, the upper plant-life of a mountain region has been evolved from that of the neighbourhood immediately below, but the peculiarity of the rich Alpine flora is that it includes a large number of forms which have no near relatives on the foot-slopes as, to take but familiar examples, rhododendron and edelweiss. Their relatives must be sought within the Arctic circle, or in Siberian tundras, or on the far-off mountains of northern and eastern Asia.

The present conditions in the Alps are not sufficiently similar to those of these distant regions to explain this similarity of the flora. The explanation is written on tables of stone which hold the geological record of conditions long passed away. In the Miocene and Pliocene deposits of the Swiss plateau, we find fossil remains which show that at those epochs the regions near the Alps were covered with a plant-life of which some representatives now survive in the uplands; only some, for in the age of glacial exten-

sion most of these Tertiary forms perished; for instance, hardly any representatives survive of the evergreen trees and shrubs, which, as Jaccard remarks, must have given the country an aspect very like that of Japan to-day. Certain plants, however, saved themselves by migration southward, there to form the ancestral stock of many Mediterranean types of the present day, and, at the time of glacial shrinkage and rising temperature, remounted to their old home.

Again, past geological conditions explain the Asiatic relationship of the Alpine flora, which is, in fact, a witness to the singular continuity and uniformity of the great mountain ranges of the northern hemisphere at the close of the Tertiary epoch. Perhaps the most striking instance of this persistent witness are the widely separated little communities of plants that are islanded among endemic flora over a distance of eight thousand miles. The classical example is the pleurogyne carinthiaca, the little gentian which is found in a few places in the Swiss Alps, in the Carinthian Mountains, the West Caucasus, and the Altai. On the other hand, edelweiss is a familiar example of an alpine species whose relatives are found in Asiatic and Russian steppes. There are said to be meadows of it in Siberia, where it grows a foot high.

Geology also holds the key to the unlooked-for presence in the Alps of arctic forms, such as the

arctic willow, the dwarf juniper, silene acaulis, saxifrago oppositifolia, dryas octopetala, myosotis alpestris, azalea procumbens. Fossil remains in the peat-beds of central Europe show that arctic and alpine plants were similarly associated there during the later Tertiary period, when the vast moraines of glaciers from the north and from the Alps must have been within reach of one another by wind-borne seeds. It is said that the same mingling of arctic and alpine types forms the prevalent flora of north-eastern Asia at the present day. As the Alpine glaciers receded, this flora slowly mounted, taller and more branching types closely following on its heels and gradually supplanting it. One of the results of this *bataille des fleurs* recalls that of shorter and sharper human wars. Ethnologists tell us that, in our own islands, it is in fens and uplands that "fragments of forgotten peoples dwell"; so, in the Alps, it is in boggy spots and on hummocks that these arctic plants most hold their own.

To the slow, peaceful penetration from the north, the truncation of the upper valley of the Inn added a more merciless invasion from the south. Just as the engineers and navvies who made the railway cuttings through the Appalachians are said to have unwittingly opened a pathway of migration along which floral hordes from the great central plains of North America have slowly pressed, invading and dispossessing the less hardy denizens of the Atlantic slope,

so the great gap made in the Alpine ridge by the eating back of the Maira has given an opportunity for the vigorous and crowded plant-life of Italy to overflow into Switzerland. To some extent this has occurred at every pass in the main chain of the Alps, but nowhere are the conditions so favourable as here, and nowhere have they been so largely taken advantage of; throughout the Upper Engadine we find Mediterranean types mingled with the peculiar flora of the Alps.

The invaders found a plant-life that, after slowly conforming itself to sub-glacial conditions, had been left in possession of the Alps, from which the glaciers had retreated, and where more genial conditions prevailed. No doubt it had, age by age, been adding cubits to its stature and discarding superfluous roots and unneeded down, but the time allowed for it to adapt itself to its changed environment was too short —short, that is, as time is counted by nature, to whom a thousand years are as one day—the adaptation was not sufficiently complete, to enable it to exclude the vigorous invaders whom the Maira let loose on it. It was out-topped and overshadowed by the new-comers, who are probably more and more crowding it out.

The most impressive among these survivals of a past geological epoch is the majestic arolla or cembra pine, which gives a characteristic aspect to the scenery of the Upper Engadine. There is something singularly old-world in its stately bear-

ing, its gnarled, massive trunk and twisted boughs, bending under sombre, rounded masses of closely-packed tufts of needles. A solitary arolla, such as one often sees standing amid more modern vegetation, seems like Keats' Saturn, the melancholy monarch of a kingdom that has passed away, living on in a world where all things have become new.

In its habits, too, it maintains the leisurely procedure of the early days of time; its cone takes three years to mature, and the seeds a year to germinate; a natural consequence is that it is being gradually superseded by trees having speedier modern methods. Its excellences combine with its shortcomings in promoting its disappearance; its slowly formed timber is much prized for building, the hardly perceptible difference between the autumn and spring growth giving it great uniformity from the absence of annual rings, and its dilatory seeds, known as nuschells, are looked on as a delicacy, not only by birds, mice, and squirrels, but by men.

The association of this venerable tree with the larch is very remarkable. "They are allied," says the great Swiss botanist, Christ, "in the closest friendship, and remain faithful to one another throughout the whole continent, even to the eastern extremity of Asia." It is pleasant to think of their association as friendly fellowship, but it may be doubted if they be not rather joined in mortal

struggle, in which the stately representative of an earlier world is foredoomed to succumb. Happily, the careful afforestation of the Federal government may redress the ruthless indifference of nature.

CHAPTER XV

PONTRESINA

HAVING traced the main valley of the Upper Engadine from the tunnel to its termination, let us turn to the side valley of the Bernina, the entrance of which is shown in a sketch. The long street of Pontresina stretches on either side of a mile of the road, the Piz Languard rising above it; the two have been coupled by the native poet, Caratsch, in lines that I will not insult the reader's ingenuity by translating:

Piz Languard e Pontresina,
Pontresina e Piz Languard,
Sun ils puncts in Engiadina,
Chi tiran uoss'il s-guard
Dels tourists da tuots pajais,
Specielmaing des Lords inglais.

At present English tourists are by no means exclusively drawn from the peerage, while, though nearly every country is still represented, Germans are in overwhelming majority.

How the three villages, Laret, Spiert, and Giarsun, came to be called Pontresina, and whence

this word and what it means, are debated questions. It is commonly interpreted the "Saracenic bridge," and the etymology, right or wrong, is one of the many reminders of the strange intrusion of the sons of the desert into the Alps in the tenth century. It was more than a passing wave, for, while their swoop on the loot of Italy was stayed, the return whence they came was cut off by the burning of their ships, and they remained established in the passes with something like a licence to pillage from Hugo, King of Italy, who little recked that merchant and pilgrim were unsafe, so only the Alps gave no passage to Berengar II. and his northern helpers. On the fall of Hugo, they still remained, and organised a system of blackmail; ultimately they must have formed one of the heterogenous elements of the population; the curious in such matters claim that distinct traces of them in complexion, build, and feature can be found in many parts of Switzerland to this day.

Whether a bridge over the Bernina beck was built by, or named after, the Saracens, or whether, as all languages use, a word of which the origin had been lost was unconsciously moulded into a form that gave it some sort of meaning, I will not venture even to discuss; certain it is that the etymology is of ancient date, for in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the dominant family in the valley, who were hereditary representatives of the bishops of Chur till 1244, when they fell into disfavour and

were superseded by the Plantas, called themselves the Lords of Ponte-Sarazeno. La Tuor, the pentagonal tower above Pontresina, is probably the remains of their stronghold; a subterranean passage formerly connected it with Giarsun. The tower is also known as Spaniola, which, as the Saracens came to the Alps through Spain, supports the etymology mentioned above.

Near this tower is the ancient little church of Santa Maria, with a roof dated 1497; the Romanesque belfry is very much older. This church is notable as having been the first of the Upper Engadine in which Protestantism was installed.

At the commencement of the great schism, the government of the three leagues, after listening to incontrovertible arguments on both sides in a theological conference at Ilanz, in January 1526, decided to be perfectly neutral, leaving individual consciences free, and allowing each commune to decide for itself to which persuasion it would belong. Thus the people settled for themselves the question that concerned them so deeply, which in the rest of Europe was mainly decided over their heads by rulers who were often actuated by considerations far from religious. Except in cases in which the parish priest himself became Protestant, the question seems to have been seldom raised until his death; then the commune debated whether a successor should be accepted, or a pastor called.

This was the situation at Pontresina in November 1549. A Sunday was appointed for the decision of the question. The Saturday before, an unknown wayfarer from over the Bernina pass arrived at the village tavern, and, talking over the matter with his host, expressed a wish to be heard on the morrow. The principal men of the commune had an informal preliminary discussion that night at the tavern, and the host, himself a leading burgher, preferred the stranger's request, but there was a general objection to an outsider meddling in the matter. Then the stranger rose. He was an elderly man of commanding presence, with the air of one accustomed to be heard when he would. After a few sentences he had the meeting in his hand, and addressed them in closely reasoned, burning words on the subject of which their minds were full; when he ended, all crowded round him and begged him to speak to the whole commune the next day in church.

He was Pietro Paolo Vergerio, one of the most striking characters of that crowded time. Born of a noble family, receiving the highest education, first in law then in divinity, that the universities of Italy could give, the trusted adviser and the diplomatic representative of two popes, a quiet and effective reformer in two successive bishoprics, noted of all men for the cardinalate, he had fallen under the evil eye of the Holy Office, and been reduced to silence and inactivity. At length, despairing of

internal reform, he had cast in his lot with the schism.

Under Vergerio's influence the little mountain commune was as clay in the hands of the potter. Twice the following day, and again on the Monday, he addressed them, with the result that they unanimously decided for reform, and under his leading clinched the decision by an irrevocable step. The altar, the relics of the saints, the sacred images and pictures, were borne from the church to the Punt Ota, escorted by the whole population, and cast into the deep gorge of the raging Bernina beck. Some, indeed, urged that this was wasting a public asset, which might be sold to the neighbouring Catholic valley, but such weak-kneed councils were over-ruled by the argument that the Engadiner's poison could not be the Valtelliner's meat.

Perhaps the proposal was not so sordid as it seems, but rather a pretext, such as that by which the diplomatic Reuben saved Joseph's life. When we consider what a centre of civic and family life a parish church was in those days, we feel there must have been many who could not see without a pang the destruction of objects with which all their tenderest and most sacred memories were intertwined. They had ceased, perhaps, to have any hold on their intellect, but they were landmarks and memorials in the shadowy borderland of being, where the soul does its real business, leaving the intellect to find grounds for it as best it may.

Pontresina

The English church at Pontresina is a tasteful building in irregularly shaped blocks of grey, green, and brown stone, of excellent effect. An inscription in it records that it was raised through the persevering energy of the Rev. J. W. Ayre during his chaplaincy, 1877-91, from designs prepared by, and the gift of, R. P. Pullan, F.R.I.B.A. The wooden columns, and the large use of woodwork, give to the interior a peculiarly pleasing and restful character, somewhat marred by crudely coloured glass. And here, greatly daring, and not having, for the moment, the fear of architects or ecclesiastics before my eyes, I venture to suggest to those planning churches in the Alps that where the windows can give view of scenery, foliage, or mountain side—or, it may be, but of sky and cloud—these have more blessing for eye and soul than any but the best stained glass. Of course, the worst is preferable to the walls and windows of an hotel, that are sometimes the only alternative.

Pontresina is more fortunate than St Moritz in having preserved a large number of its old houses. They stand on either side of the long street, quaint and picturesque, but often sadly malodorous. The broad-arched entrance doors, frequently carved and panelled, have a wicket for human beings, but, when opened to their full extent, are wide enough to admit carts and cattle. Everything goes into the capacious maw of the dim entrance hall, from which open out stairs, doors, and mysterious vaults and passages,

giving access to the various necessities of family and animal life. The cattle always strike one as the most important and considered inmates of the normal Swiss homestead, but in the Upper Engadine they have severe competitors in the flocks of tourists who have brought a wealth surpassing the cattle on a thousand hills, and for whose requirements many of these picturesque old houses at Pontresina have evolved clean and comfortable apartments which can be rented for a prolonged stay.

The last house in the village is the ancient Hotel Steinbock, the older part of which is the typical and substantial mountain inn of former days, perhaps the very one in which Vergerio settled the theological perplexities of the commune. It has enlarged itself by two successive additions, each departing more unfortunately than the last from the excellent original. When I last saw it, a still larger addition was rising in front of it, which, I hope, will be worthy of the parent building. But here I bethink me of a timely admonition on the charming old archway that leads to the garden of the original inn—

LA CRITICA AIS FACILLA,
IL SAVAIR DIFFICIL.

Perhaps it would have been well had I had these wise words before me when making some of the observations that have fallen too lightly from my pen. If instead of criticising hotels I had set myself to

design one, what a laughter-stock should I have produced, how successfully I should have combined the ruin of the proprietor with the discomfort of his guests.

Pontresina is happier than most places of resort in the Upper Engadine in not being shut away from the great snow mountains. Laret commands a magnificent view of the Rosegg glacier and attendant peaks, and from Giarsun we see the triple snow-crown of the Piz Palü, rising serenely above the rocky Chalchagn, while the many paths through the larch woods on the right open out delightful views of the glaciers which converge into the Morteratsch glacier and of the superb masses of the Piz Bernina and the hardly lesser peaks around it.

It is true that Pontresina is not one of those places, in fact, there are none such in the Upper Engadine, which is dominated, and, as it were, possessed, by a great mountain. Few holidays are more delightful, or leave a more indefeasible heritage to the memory, than those passed in such companionship, becoming daily more familiar with all its aspects, knowing its individual response to the revolving hours and the varying weather, which it seems more to control than to be subject to—

> Sunrise and sunset lay thereon
> With hands of light their benison ;
> The stars of midnight pause to set
> Their jewels in its coronet.

The robe of storm, the golden glory of the noon, the interwoven hues of evening, and the magic of the night, appear rather vestures that it assumes and changes at its will than conditions imposed on it by the atmosphere. Though it cannot be said that Pontresina is presided over by any such sovereign presence, yet no place of resort in the Upper Engadine offers so near an approach to it.

The proximity of the Rosegg and Morteratsch glaciers, and the superb peaks around them, makes Pontresina the best centre for mountaineering in the valley, while, as compared with many such centres in Switzerland, it has the advantage that ascensions commence at over 6000 feet above the sea. Few can stay there without feeling an irresistible attraction towards those serene and radiant heights. Even those who are not habitual mountaineers may well be tempted by facility of access to make trial of the cosy discomfort and good-fellowship of a club-hut, and the versatile companionableness of an ice-axe, and taste the supreme enchantment of that great white world which to all those on whom it has once laid its spell must ever seem the fairest thing on earth.

Of course, like all popular places, Pontresina suffers to a certain extent from being appreciated. Those who gibe at the Upper Engadine as a transcendent tea-garden have a special gibe at Pontresina; but the garden is so very transcendent, so lovely, so

THE MATTERHORN FROM THE RIFFELBERG.

extended, so varied, so full of retreats of wild, sweet beauty, so continually rising into points of view whence one looks illimitably across the high places of the earth above man's dwelling and domain, that the term, if it be insisted on, is freed from all opprobrium.

Seldom do crowded places have within a few minutes of them, walks of such beauty as the many paths of the Schlucht promenade along the left bank of the deep ravine of the Bernina beck. The many-hued cliffs, grey, red, purple, grasped by straight-stemmed, snaky-rooted pines, are writ with records of the stream's former course, the curve of waterfalls, the winding and widening and narrowing of its channel, the swirl and sweep of its current, the deep holes ground by stones revolved in its eddies, as it gradually wore down its bed to that along which it now frets and fumes, incessantly bearing away the substance of staid and sober Switzerland to make land for the restless peoples of the Danube and the Black Sea.

The great points of view are on the other side. The most famous is the Piz Languard; a beautiful walk leads to it, but, if preferred, one can ride to within an hour of the top. The earlier the start the better, for the sake both of a cool walk and a clear view. Few will regret the struggle by which they have left bed in the small hours of a moonlit summer morning, especially if they have the luck to see the landscape clad in the weird, iridescent hues

which sometimes result from the blending of moonlight and dawn.

The view is very beautiful from the Languard Alp, which is reached in about an hour. This Alp has long been rented by Bergamasc shepherds, whose large hut is passed on the right of the path. The flora now becomes very interesting, and those not going up the peak may have a pleasant ramble up the Val Languard on the right. At its head a little light-blue tarn lies under the cliffs of green schist which support the Languard glacier. The mountain has been made a sanctuary for marmots, and the droll, furtive little creatures are evidently aware of the security afforded them.

A few years ago someone, not, I am pleased to believe, an Engadiner, had the unfortunate idea of erecting a platform over the whole summit of the peak, on which refreshments, postcards, and various vanities were purveyed. But not always does nature brook the profanation of her high places. The audacious structure was struck by lightning and burnt; rebuilt, only to be struck and burnt again; since which the concessionaires have been content to vend their wares at a safer level, leaving the summit as nature made it.

Words cannot describe, nor could pages catalogue, the far-spread multitude of peaks and ranges which crowd the view. Baedeker and others have provided useful panoramas for identifying them. I believe Herr Lardner has made out a list of nearly a thou-

sand summits having a recognised name. As a native poet sings:

Milli munts mieus ögls scoveran ;
Majestus ais il reguard.
Mieus immaints à Dieu's prosternan
Som à te, bel Piz Languard.*

The descent can be made by a more difficult route over the Languard glacier, by the icy Leg della Pishna and the flowery Val del Fain, to the Bernina houses, four and a half miles above Pontresina.

Another favourite point of view is the Muottas Muraigl, from which a sketch is taken. A cable railway is being constructed to it from Punt Muraigl, a station on the rail between Samaden and Pontresina, and a large hotel will be built near the little restaurant which appears in the sketch. One regrets the scar upon the hillside made by the railway, but time will to some extent heal it, and one cannot regret that so delightful a spot should thus be made accessible to many who could not otherwise get to it. A splendid situation for an hotel it will be, rising steeply from the flat green floor of the valley, where the turbid Flaz joins the tranquil Inn. In front lie the Upper Engadine lakes, like the successive reaches

* My eyes survey a thousand mountains ;
Majestic is the prospect.
My inmost being bows to God
On thy summit, fair Languard peak.

Conradin de Flugi, who died at St Moritz in 1874, and is looked on as the father of lyric poetry in Romansch.

of a broad blue river, which, in the short intervals of forest, may be imagined creeping along some deep-worn gorge. To the right is the pinnacled ridge of the lower Julier range; to the left, the Rosegg valley with the glaciers and peaks at its head. Still more to the left is the view given in the sketch, the steep northern slope of the Chalchagn, and the shining summits and far-flung snows of the Bellavista, Palü, and Cambrena peaks.

Behind, the Val Muraigl offers charming rambles; one can go over rock-strewn pastures and by a fascinating little tarn to the Fuorcla Muraigl, the saddle between the Piz Vadret and the Piz Muraigl, the latter having the famous Languard behind it, and the three imposing peaks of Las Sours, "the sisters," in front. From the Fuorcla we can descend into the Val Prünas, an upper reach of the Val Camogasc, stretching in a broad, green basin under the northern precipices of the Languard.

For view, for air, for rambles round, an hotel could hardly be more happily placed; only, I trust that those who project it will remember that they are not doing this thing in a corner; from nearly the whole of the Upper Engadine men will perforce look up to what they build; let them see to it that it be worthy of its site.

Crossing the Muraigl stream from the Muottas, we can walk to the Schaffberg, whence we have a finer view than from the Muottas Muraigl of the snow-peaks and glaciers of the Bernina region, but

MUOTTAS MURAIGL.

not the lovely vista of the Upper Engadine valley. Here is a memorial to Giovanni Segantini, who for some time before his death was occupied in painting the magnificent view of those peaks and glaciers. Here, one winter's day in 1899, he was found dead in the snow.

Could kindliest fortune fairer parting send

than amid the wild nature that he loved, and in face of the great landscape that had cast so strong a spell upon him?

CHAPTER XVI

THE ROSEGG AND MORTERATSCH VALLEYS

PONTRESINA'S two main entrances to the higher Alpine world are by the Rosegg and Morteratsch valleys. A carriage road leads up the former to the little hotel-restaurant, about two miles from the foot of the glacier. Walkers may go there by the Rüssellas promenade, than which there are few more charming woodland walks. On one side is the brawling beck, growing finely boisterous in steep descents, or among impeding rocks; on the other the great mountain wall of the Chalchagn now advances in slopes of screes, now recedes in bays of wooded cliff. Here and there the larch woods open out into druidic spaces where great grey rocks stand amid the grass.

Occasionally one may put up a chamois, for the triangle of rugged mountain between the Bernina and Rosegg valleys has been made a sanctuary for hunted creatures, who are fully aware of the fact. This security is of recent date; on the other side

of the river is Acla Colani, which in the first half of last century was a lodge of the mighty hunter, Gian Marchet Colani, "the king of the Bernina," of whose masterful, generous character, strange gifts, and daring exploits many tales are told. After an apprenticeship as a gunsmith in France, he returned at the age of eighteen to his native valley, where during such intervals as he could spare from the chase, he plied his trade, first at Madulein, and afterwards at Pontresina. Here he died in 1837, having, it was computed, accounted for some 2700 chamois in the course of his life.

An interesting attempt was made some time ago to introduce reindeer here. They are said to have thriven, but did not breed, and were ultimately sold to the King of Italy.

The sketch gives the view at the head of the valley. In front is the pleasant, primitive little inn; beyond it the glacier, for a long time receding, has left the usual mean and desolate disorder that nature has not had time to shape and clothe. Further are the combined glaciers of the Rosegg and Tschierva, above which we see the wide, white terraces and steps of the Rosegg, but have only a glimpse of the chaotic cataract of ice in which the Tschierva descends from the Piz Bernina. Between the two glaciers is the rocky Aguagliouls, a curious reserve of vegetable life islanded in the ice, on which, I believe, two hundred different kinds of plants have been counted. In the height of the summer the Bergamasc

shepherds drive their sheep across the glacier to graze there.

In the background, from right to left, are the Caputschin and Mongia peaks, then the broad gap of the Fuorcla Glüschaint, the Piz Glüschaint, the double summit of la Sella, and, hidden in the clouds, Piz Rosegg.

The Swiss Alpine Club, to whom both mountaineers and tourists are so much indebted, has huts on either side of this imposing scene ; the Mortel hut, grandly placed opposite Aguaglious, on the left of the glacier, and the Tschierva hut on the right, commanding views of the glittering bulges and blue-green seams of the great ice-fall which descends from the majestic Bernina and Rosegg peaks. Memory, as one gazes at it, crosses the Atlantic: it is as though a mightier and more turbulent Niagara had been stayed by an icy hand in its headlong course, and all its tumult stereotyped.

In the pleasant walk, already mentioned, over the Fuorcla Surlej, from which we can descend on St Moritz, Campfer, Silvaplana, or Sils, we have a striking change from this great white landscape, which seems blocked out in light and shade, to the rich hues and quiet beauty of the lakes and woods stretched below on the other side.

The Morteratsch glacier is Pontresina's other gateway to the upper world. Driving to it along the high-road on the right of the valley, to which the Languard leaps down in a fine fall, the grand group

THE ROSEG GLACIER.

of mountains is gradually disclosed. Walking through the larch woods on the left of the valley, and emerging from them at the little inn, or on the ice-smoothed rocks of the Chunetta, the view bursts on us with a suddenness quite theatrical. Immediately below the Chunetta, the glacier sprawls in shapeless bulges of dirty ice and long heaps of rubble. Beyond are wide, white steps mounting to a vast and shining hall, to which the Morteratsch and Pers glaciers descend from the far-spread terraces of ice below the peaks of Boval, Morteratsch, Rosegg, Bernina, Crast Agüzza, Zupo, Bellavista, Palü, and Pers.

The little inn and restaurant is set pleasantly between the edge of the larch wood and the pines that lean over the turbid stream from the glacier, with this stately pageant before it. I wish the artist had been moved to give us a sketch from it, but he was probably there under conditions that made sketching impossible. Most persons know the place, as I first did, as a maddening babel. All day long vans and lesser vehicles disgorge their close-packed occupants, and a stream of pedestrians pass through on their way up or down the valley. But one summer evening I arrived there from over the glacier, after walking from early dawn; the last tourist had gone; the tired maids were lazily playing with St Bernard dogs upon the grass; I had my supper at a little table on the green carpet between the larch wood and the rushing stream, in front of me the

majestic Piz Palü, set on high in the lingering light, like the great white throne of the Apocalypse; it seemed a beautiful and peaceful spot, such as may have been that garden of the early world where God walked in the cool of the day.

CHAPTER XVII

THE BERNINA VALLEY

On the other side of the Morteratsch stream a path mounts to the beautiful falls by which the Bernina beck descends among purple rocks from the upper reach of the valley. The path crosses the stream by a bridge at the finest part, and leads to the old paved and grass-grown road. We continue by this among huge rocks smoothed by some departed glacier and its succeeding streams, now leaving, now joining, the blue river, whitening into falls or flowing swift and silent in deep translucent pools, and finally enter the high-road. Of the many lovely paths near Pontresina, none, I think, is lovelier than this.

About a mile beyond are the three quaint Bernina houses, a typical old mountain inn, evidently prepared to be buried in snow every winter. Behind them stands Piz Alv, "the white peak," a huge, bare cone of limestone, sole surviving legacy of the sea, which once covered the granite and schist around. A striking contrast to its dusty bareness is the ruddy

granite of the neighbouring Piz Lagalb, clothed with hardy vegetation.

Behind Piz Alv, the Val da Fain, "Hay Vale," stretches up for about six miles, a veritable botanical garden, in one part or the other of which, it is said, nearly every alpine plant is to be found.

Almost parallel to it is Val Minûr, "Miner's Vale," where are still traces of a shaft worked in the Middle Ages by the Vertematis, one of whose houses has been described in speaking of Isola. From this mine, tradition says, they despatched every Saturday to their home in Plurs, mules laden with the silver, and sometimes gold, which had been extracted during the week. Plurs was destroyed by a landslip in 1618, but before this the Val Minûr appears to have been purchased, along with Bernina Alp, by the distant commune of Bondo, whence every year cattle are still driven to it over the Maloja pass, along the Inn lakes and up the Bernina valley, one of those curious instances of the long arm of cowherding which are continually met with in the Swiss mountains.

Following the almost level road, we pass the Lej Minûr, then the Lej Nair, "Black Lake," the waters of which, filtered through peat, are of an inky purple. Separated from it by a few yards of pasture, and in such sharp contrast of colours as to seem almost unreal, is the Lej Alv, "White Lake," filled by the turbid stream from the Cambrena glacier with greenish-white water. The contrast is, I believe,

reproduced in the trout abounding in them, which are of a light and dark colour respectively. This narrow strip of earth is the watershed between the Inn, descending to the Black Sea, and the Adda to the Mediterranean; occasionally, it is said, a wind from the south or east, funnelled and furious in the pass, drives the white waters over into the black, and temporarily unites the lakes. Presumably at such times the white trout lie low, or the distinction between the breeds would have been lost, but those who deal in the romance of lower life might construct a tale of companion animalcules, separated on this bleak neck of mountain and meeting in the sunny waters of the Bosphorus.

Large stumps of arolla have been found in the peaty ground near these lakes, showing that there must have once been a forest here, though trees now cease nearly a thousand feet lower down. It is said that within historic times there has also been wood in the neighbouring Val Minûr, which is now quite bare of it. Lechner mentions a document of the fourteenth century, when the ownership of the valley seems to have been rather complicated, by which an alp there is rented to Geurg Crapp for 4 imperial pounds and 2 steres (half a cubic metre) of arolla, and another by which Janon de Laret undertakes to look after Crapp's sawmill for 45 soldi, "good Engadine currency."

All over the Alps are records of a similar change of the tree limit, indicating some change of conditions.

We continually see dead, or half-dead, arolla—stretching gaunt, bare limbs—beyond the farthest outposts of the present forest; sometimes, as on a plateau by the Iffigensee, we come across a whole forest, only just dead, standing, pale and spectral, amid the undergrowth. Some Swiss geologists think that this is due to the slow, secular elevation of the earth's crust, which, in the long lifetime of an arolla, might have raised trees growing near the limit, above the altitude at which reproduction was possible; a curious contrast to the destruction of forests by depression along our own coasts, or, to go further back, in our coal basins. It seems to be all one to nature whether she thus treasure up the outcome of her long and patient labour, or squander it as in these old forests of the Alps. We are happy in our land, having been dealt with when she was in one of her saving moods.

The Bernina hospice stands on the high-road above the Lej Alv, as shown in the sketch. A tablet on its west wall marks the level of snow on 24th May 1879—twelve metres, I was told, above the ground.

The pass, like most passes, does not command a very extensive view, and it is well worth while to walk up Piz Campascio, about an hour to the south-east of the hospice. Its pleasant grassy top lies sheer above the steep descent by which the road winds, like a great white snake, to the green valley and blue, wood-embosomed lake of Poschiavo. Beyond, stretch range upon range of deep-hued

THE PALÜ GLACIER.

Italian mountains. On the right is the giant stair of the Palü glacier and the serene snows of the Piz Cambrena, below which the Lej Alv and Lej Nair lie, side by side, like slabs of green and purple slate.

The cyclist who is taking the pass on the way to Italy or the Ortler will be repaid for some hard pedalling by the fine run down that serpentine road. If he be not going on, he will do well to leave his wheel at the hospice and take the enchanting foot-path down on the right, returning, if he like, in the post. This is, in any case, the pleasanter route for pedestrians. A short and interesting digression may be made to the quaint round huts of Sassal Massone in front of the Palü glacier. Soon after this, we come to the view from the Alp Grüm, of which a sketch is given. In striking contrast to its white magnificence, we have, far below on the other side, the lovely valley of Poschiavo. To this the pleasant path descends. At the head of the lake are the sulphur baths of Prese; at its lower end, the village of Meschino, the little church of which, on a hillock of the prehistoric landslip that formed the lake, commands a superb view. Climate and vegetation, language, manners and religion, announce Italy and the South. The road and the leaping stream descend between rocky walls, and, passing through a narrow defile below Brusio, issue into Italy, undiluted and unmistakable, though we do not come across its custom-house officers, with their charming manners and exasperating routine, till a couple of miles further. I know

no descent to it from Switzerland more lovely, or with more striking changes of scene.

An interesting walk may be made from the pass up the Val Viola to Bormio. These mountains between the Bernina and Fuorn passes are usually classed as a subdivision of the Bernina group, but are a striking contrast to the rest. East and north-east of the Bernina pass we come abruptly from crystalline to sedimentary rock, mostly lias and trias: from a simple and typical mountain system, a uniform upheaval constituting a main range, with radiating and pennine subsidiaries, to an unsystematic congeries of minor ranges, so bent and twisted from what would seem their normal parallelism, as to create a complex network of longitudinal and transverse valleys. Added to this we leave serene expanses of eternal snow, and pass through a museum of ruined peaks, offering examples of every variety of the freakish havoc of erosion. The Cima di Viola, Cima di Lago Spalmo, Corno and Pizzo di Dosdè, Cima di Saoseo, and others, all in a state of profound disintegration, some mere heaps of fragments, others still raising battered towers and fantastic pinnacles above their seamed and fissured sides.

A return to Pontresina from the Bernina pass can be made by the popular Diavolezza tour. It takes its name from the Diavolezza combe, cut in the eastern face of Munt Pers; but whether the word indicate the savage devilry of the scene, or whether we may accept the more euphemistic etymology

which interprets it "God be with us," I will not attempt to decide. The tour is also often made by a path from the Bernina houses, past a many-hued tarn, lapped in rocks and screes, and over the snow on the upper slopes of the combe. I know not which be preferable—whether, coming from the Hospice, to pass slowly in review the great array of peaks as one walks laterally over the snow slopes, or toiling up from the Bernina houses, to find oneself suddenly in face of them on passing through the narrow gateway between Piz Trovat and Munt Pers. In either case, we have a scene of "tranquil pomp," in Wordsworth's apt phrase, which the eye does not readily forget. The accompanying sketch gives a fine appreciation of it, with the little Inn, attractively entitled Zum Ewigen Schnee, in the foreground. *Primus inter pares* in the grand assize of mountains is the Piz Bernina, the highest and the most beautiful mountain in the Grisons, so pure and noble in its lines, so perfect in its proportions, so exquisitely moulded and chiselled, as to seem rather the deliberate masterpiece of a supreme artist, than a casual output of the blind forces of nature.

From the inn we descend to the glacier, and traverse a network of rills, meandering over the great ice-floor, or leaping into the blue depths of its crevasses; we thread our way among the countless shafts and pinnacles of the Pers glacier, from which a sketch is taken, one of the most striking and beautiful mazes of ice-formation that I know, and

rest a while on the rocks of Isola Persa. All around we have the continuous rush of water below the ice, every now and then long-drawn gurgles and belches, as from the belly of some sprawling Caliban. Here, below, nature is in travail; above, stand the serene and shining heights, as it were, her perfected work, which neither change nor decay should touch. Finally, we pass over the broad white billows of the lower Morteratsch glacier, in form, though not in colour, like the heave of mid-ocean after a great wind that is still, and, turning suddenly to the right, land on the lateral moraine.

PIZ PALÜ FROM THE DIAVOLEZZA HUT.

CHAPTER XVIII

LAS AGNAS TO PUNT OTA

It remains to speak of the dozen miles of the Upper Engadine below Bevers.

Three-quarters of a mile down, a lonely little tavern, Las Agnas, marks the most historic spot in the valley. Here, on the 7th May 1462, representatives of all the communes assembled and settled the constitution and the judicial and administrative organisation of the little political unit which federated with others into the Free State of the Three Leagues, and here, from time to time, they long continued to meet in council.

In the adjoining meadow of Las Islas, all men who could bear arms mustered in May 1499, elected Thomas Planta as their bannerman, and marched down to join the forces of the Three Leagues at Suoz, and bear their part at Calven on that bloody Easter Monday which won the independence of the land.

Las Agnas, the ewe lambs, exclaims the pleased and simple-minded traveller. How idyllic! and here, in old days, freemen made their laws, and gathered

to defend their freedom. Then, perhaps, his mind runs riot in antitheses, contrasting the sweet, pastoral name with the stern use to which the place was put; or, may be, seeing the gathering ranks as lambs led to the slaughter, sheep dumb before the "accursed fury with the abhorred shears." Rubbish, says the heartless philologist; the word does but mean *Erlen;* it can be traced through every shade of change to *alna*, and there, along the Inn, are alders to clinch the etymology. Fantastic pedantry, growls an unnatural brother. Of two men living round of whom you shall ask the name, one will tell you Agnas, and the other Au; in fact, the words are identical, and, as *aa-*, *arh-*, *au-*, are found throughout Eastern Switzerland. It is the Middle High German *awa*, or *ahva*, and means a swampy meadow. Agnas is but a popular pun, and alna a pedantic fiction. Who shall decide when Ph.DD. disagree? *Revenons à nos moutons*, let him cherish his ewe lambs who will, nor allow any philological David to rob him of them.

I have given the etymologies above as I found them, but it appears too obvious to have escaped notice that the Romansch *islas* and the Teutonic *au* may fairly be taken as identical in meaning, and Agnas as independent of both.

A little further, is another landmark of old history, the intermittent spring of Fontana Merla, Fons Merulii, the Merle's Well, which was the boundary between the two original administrative

divisions of the valley, sur e suot, above and below, Fontana Merla, a division, it is said, of immemorial antiquity.

We now come to Ponte, no longer of the importance that it was when the Albula pass was the main communication between the Upper Engadine and Chur. The once busy route is now almost deserted. It is not without regret that one passes swiftly and in darkness under the tranquil beauty of the Simplon or the savage disorder of the St Gothard; but the dreary Albula pass offers little inducement to leave the train at the entrance of the tunnel and pass over, rather than under it. The Piz Albula, however, affords a superb view, the junction of granite and limestone in the neighbourhood is remarkable, and the upper region is a home of many interesting arctico-alpine plants, some of them very rare, as carex valilii, alsine biflora, tofeldia borealis.

Ponte contains many interesting old houses, none more so than the Steinbock inn. I trust the many charming details of its interior have passed unharmed through the improvements which were being put in hand when I last saw it; the wood- and iron-work in a room numbered I. were alone worth a pilgrimage.

The picturesque little church passed over to Protestantism in 1561, on the death of its priest, in deference to whom the great question of the day had been shelved during his lifetime. The population seem to have been pretty equally divided between the two persuasions, none were very keen for their

views, and there was a general wish to avoid strife. In fact, the situation was one which in small mundane matters is wont to be decided by tossing up. As the nearest ecclesiastical approach to this, it was agreed to leave the decision to the priest of Bergün, in the Val Albula, Christoph Chüern. The commune asked him to officiate on the following Sunday, leaving him a free hand, and agreeing among themselves that they would be Catholic or Protestant, according as he celebrated Mass or preached a sermon. It would be interesting to know more of the man in whom such confidence was placed, and from whom, apparently, either procedure might be expected. The popular imagination appears everywhere to have taken these services as typical of the two persuasions, and probably knew little and did not care much, about the distinctions that divided theologians.

Chüern preached, and the commune passed to Protestantism, though in the spirit of neighbourly concession which had characterised both sides throughout, it was agreed that certain venerated images, whose peculiar sanctity had a more than local repute, should remain in the church. The austere moralist may take the sequel as showing that peace cannot be purchased by compromise with principle. The calm of the little community, which theological difference had failed to ruffle, was not proof against more sordid considerations. As the Protestants sat, Sunday after Sunday, under the victorious pulpit, the sight of the disrated effigies more and more vexed their thrifty souls, as so much capital

lying idle. These images might be sold for much and given to the poor, for a brisk trade in such ware was then being done with the pious Catholics of the Tyrol. At length, when a speculative cornchandler tendered a hundred gülden-worth of rye for them, the offer seemed too good to be refused. Naturally it revolted those whose hearts lingered in the old ways, though, for the sake of peace, they had consented to walk in the new. To maintain the images in church except by common consent seems to have been felt inconsistent with the agreement arrived at, but, if they could not keep their birthright, they would not barter it for a mess of rye. For months the commune was distracted by the question, and, at length, arrived at the singular conclusion that the objects of contention should be burnt. The Catholics did not keep their images, the Protestants did not get their rye: the latter placed the once venerated forms on a funeral pyre in Campovasto market-place, while those who still venerated them stood round, and watched jealously that no fragment that could be bartered for lucre remained unconsumed. I doubt if there be a more curious chapter in the curious controversy of the time.

It is but just to remember that the Engadiners' readiness for religious compromise was the result of their strong sense of corporate life. A schism in the body politic appeared so great an evil, that any reciprocal concessions that could avert it should be made. And no doubt they were wise in their genera-

tion; in those rude times no community could hope to preserve its independence which had not at heart St Paul's homely parable of the body and the members; a highly decentralised state, such as that of the leagues, made up of communes divided against themselves, would certainly not have weathered the stormy days that were ahead. And others than their descendants may be glad that it was not submerged; the little Alpine republics stood almost alone in their day, for the principle of self-government, to which, in one shape or another, the civilised world has since conformed; the fact that these peasant communities were deciding this ecclesiastical issue for themselves was witness to it. Shall we blame them if they deemed that their continued existence was a more vital matter than theological perfection? All around them were powerful despotisms to whom Catholic and Protestant were but pawns in a game of ignoble statecraft; the one hope for the saving seed of freedom was to keep intact, at all costs, the little political units in which it had been evolved.

On the other side of the river is Campovasto, the ancient Camogasc, which, I believe, is older, and was originally more important, than Ponte. The pleasant and sequestered Val Camogasc behind it is entered by a narrow gorge between the Piz Musella and the Piz Misaun, a limestone mass, metamorphosed above into reddish marble, formerly a hill of ill repute, which good Christian folk thought it well to shun.

The next village is Madulein, a name which is

said to have no connection with Magdalene, while the etymology which derives it from Medio-lacu is probably little more than a pun on some far older word, rooted in a forgotten tongue. The fact, however, that the derivation was current several centuries ago is interesting, as suggesting that there may have then survived some strand of tradition, stretching back to the time when the lake, or a remnant of it, which must once have covered this reach of the valley, still existed.

Strongly placed above Madulein, on a steep, rocky spur of mountain, are the ruins of Guardaval, erected in 1251 by Bishop Conrad, "the castle lover." It is said that no historical warrant can be found for the legend that its destruction in the fifteenth century was brought about by the misdeeds of its last Castellan, but the persistence of the legend in many forms probably shows the feeling with which the peasantry of the time regarded these feudal castles.

In those days, one version of the legend runs, there ruled at Guardaval an evil man. He was there as the Castellan of God's House in Chur, but little recked he of the laws of God, and man's law he twisted to serve his purpose. Men that crossed his will, and women that pleased his fancy, disappeared, and terrible tales were told of doings within the castle walls.

Now there dwelt on his little farm at Camogasc, one Adam, a stern man, whose daughter, Magdalene, was called the fairest flower of the valley. Her the

Castellan saw and desired, and he sent and demanded her of her father. "Give the girl time," said Adam, "to get meet bridal garb. To-morrow morning I myself will bring her to the castle." So the man returned to his master.

That night Adam travelled swift and far, and bid trusty men that he knew, to take such weapon as they might have and gather at his house. At early dawn they marched up to the castle with joyous shouts and wedding songs, the trembling maiden in their midst, her face white as her bridal robe. The Castellan came forth to meet them and was cut down by Adam; the peasants pressed through the gate over his body. His retainers offered no resistance, but set themselves to plunder, while Adam and his friends, guided by old men who had known the castle in better times, commenced a melancholy quest. Then, from dark dungeon and dripping vault, there gathered in the courtyard a strange and lamentable crowd. There were men maimed and wasted, their faces awry with torture; some had lost reason and forgotten speech, and mopped and mowed at their deliverers, or tried to slink back into the darkness. There were women, bowed with shame, their hair white before its time, who only asked that they might die, and children, shambling skeletons, with bleached faces and blinking eyes, that had never seen God's day before. Men turned away and crossed themselves, and cursed the mangled corpse that lay before the gate.

Through the long summer day the search went on. Then, when it was certain that the great building had no ghastly secret left, the costly furniture and hangings, and all that could burn, were piled in the courtyard, and a tall column of flame and smoke told the folk from end to end of the valley, that the horrid tyranny which had cast its shadow over their lives was gone for ever.

From Madulein the road runs almost level between green meadows; here and there homely potato-plots, and patches of oats and rye, give sign that the severity of the high Alpine climate is mitigating. On the left opens out the pleasant Val d'Eschia, carved by the water from the glaciers which imbed the four rocky peaks of the Kesch, that afford some enjoyable mountaineering. Before us, seeming to block up the valley, is Piz d'Eren, a great cone of limestone capped with snow. A couple of miles on, the valley widens, its sides become less precipitous, the forests on them give way to meadows, so steep above that one wonders how they can be mown, but below, descending towards the river, in a broad slope on which white-walled, close-packed houses cluster round a tall spire. This is Suoz.

When, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, the villages of the Upper Engadine arose from the ashes to which the devoted patriotism of the inhabitants had consigned them on the approach of the Austrian invaders, a devotion which saved the whole Leagueland, Suoz was by common con-

sent the chief among them, and all the leading families had residences there. In later times it has been superseded for administrative purposes by the more central Samaden, but it still retains many traces of its ancient primacy. Nowhere are there so many and such fine examples of the characteristic architecture of the valley. On the right, soon after entering the village, one is struck by the interesting Chesa Gregori-Gilli; on its front are the Rhaetian wildman and St George, whom we continually find associated in the district, and who strike us as somewhat incongruous companions till we learn that they represent a remote ancestor of the population and their patron saint. Inscribed beneath is

EVVIVA LA GRISCHA,

and the excellent precept which at some periods of its history la Grischa has sadly needed,

RES PARVAE CONCORDIA CRESCIT
MAXIMAE DISCORDIA DILABUNTUR
MDLI.

In the central square is a fine house of the Plantas; the flight of steps in front of it has a massive stone balustrade in rococo carving. There is a remarkable stove in the drawing-room, elaborately moulded, gilt, and coloured.

Close by is the Tuor Planta, an inscription on which records that it was disrütta del fö, destroyed by fire in 1499, through the patriotic self-sacrifice

THE PIZ KESCH FROM THE SERTIG PASS.

already mentioned, and here again is inscribed an exhortation to dwell together in unity.

These inscriptions may be taken to point the moral of the municipal history of Suoz. Nowhere raged more fiercely the fire of faction, which in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries bid fair to bring to nought the independence which the heroism of a nobler generation had so hardly won. In the main the division was between the Austro-Spanish and the Franco-Venetian partisans, but personal ambition, family interest, religious rancour, sordid greed, produced endless ramifications and combinations, and hardly a pretence was made at consistency or constancy.

The richly elaborate iron gratings in front of the windows of a fine house belonging to the De Poult family has been thought to show the influence of old relations with Spain.

A mile and a half below Suoz the road merges in the one long street of Scanfs. The name is written S-Chanfs in Romansch, and is a pathetic example of inefficient orthography. Never was a language so badly served by the alphabet. The pronunciation which this spelling represents is, I believe, Stianfs, though I do not feel in a position to maintain the statement against any reader who may dispute it. Bulwer Lytton calls English spelling an invention of the Father of Lies, but it is as a tyro's essay to the triumph of misrepresentation which that versatile genius has achieved in Romansch.

At the time of the Reformation the priest of Scanfs was the learned Jodocus Räsinür, a foremost champion of the old faith, who was held in such deep regard that no change was thought of during his long life. At length, in 1570, his death brought the commune to the parting of the ways, and much was it exercised in coming to a decision. Even when, finally, a pastor, Thomas Baptista Thönlichium, was called, they determined, with characteristic caution, not to be off with the old order, until they were quite certain they liked being on with the new. Thönlichium was only appointed on probation, and the sacred images and pictures were installed in a neighbouring building, that the community might reserve the option of changing its mind. It was only after a thorough trial of the new theology, and a formal vote of satisfaction confirming Thönlichium's appointment, that the disestablished tutelaries were sold to the Tyrol.

The village has many interesting old houses; one with a peculiarly good example of a projecting window with a copper roof. In the middle of the village, the attention on passing through is caught by the Chesa Juvalta, the more picturesque from its somewhat neglected condition. Its many shutters would certainly not be so charming had their quaint painting been renewed when sound householding required. The principal door in a side lane has a fine dragon-shaped knocker; within are good examples of the characteristic panelling and cupboarding of

Engadine interiors, and many portraits of past Juvaltas, than which there is no older nor more honoured name in the valley. No family has a more pleasing tradition than that which tells how, when the insanity of civil strife was at its highest and the streets of Suoz were red with the blood of its citizens, the women of the town, headed by Anna Juvalta, threw themselves with tears and prayers between the maddened combatants, and declared that they should only strike one another by passing over the bodies of their wives and daughters.

Relentless criticism has, I believe, relegated Anna to that limbo of unaccredited immortals which every day becomes more crowded, but I trust it will be long ere the souls of young Engadiners cease to be nourished on the exploded legends of their country. It matters little that they be not history. There are legends that are truer than history, in that they embody the spirit without which the external facts of history would not have been. William Tell may not have shot his arrow at Altorf, nor Anna Juvalta stood between the armed ranks at Suoz, but, had there not been many men and women of the temper of Tell and Anna, the Forest Cantons would still be ruled by strangers, and Rhaetian independence would, long ago, have foundered in anarchy and bloodshed.

Scanfs is charmingly situated for rambles both short and long, and there are pleasant walks from it over the Sertig and Scaletta passes to Davos, or

over the Casanna to Livigno. In the two last we are on historic ground. By the Scaletta in 1621 the able and ruthless Baldiron led the Austrian army in that merciless campaign which seemed to stamp out the last flicker of national life in the Leagueland. By the Casanna, the army sent by Maximilian in 1500 to take possession of the Upper Engadine, as a base for the subjugation of the whole Leagueland, marched to its disastrous fate. In 1620, 6000 leaguers streamed over it, without plan, organisation, or leading, moved only by passionate indignation at the treacherous massacre of their fellow-religionists in the Valtelline. The Austrian troops easily overpowered and drove them back, and the ill-considered expedition was taken as a declaration of war and followed by pitiless reprisals. Very different was the next Protestant army that crossed it in 1635, led by the great Huguenot, De Rohan, who, passing over with characteristic swiftness, fell like a thunderbolt on the unsuspecting Austrians and Spaniards at Livigno, and by a succession of rapid blows, completely reversed what had appeared an irrevocable conquest. In striking contrast to these "old unhappy far-off things," is the pastoral peace and sweet mountain quietude of the route to-day, when Rhaetian and Italian herdsmen meet on it as the best of neighbours.

Two miles below Scanfs is the hamlet of Capella, so called from the chapel of San Guerg, of which but a fragment remains. Near it formerly stood an

enormous pine-tree, sacred to St George, the patron of the Upper Engadine, which, with the picture of the saint in the chapel, was an object of profound veneration throughout the valley. On St George's Day and on two other days in the year, processions from far and wide came with crucifix and banner for service under its branches. The aged tree was felled when Scanfs passed over to the Reformation, and this was possibly the only way to eradicate customs and superstitions that were anything but Christian in their source. Its fall was perhaps a greater wrench with the past than any thesis or confession of faith. What memories of old rites, what ghosts of forgotten creeds, may have haunted the shade of its sombre foliage. That its sacred character was originally connected with St George, is most unlikely. It was more probably a hoary relic of a faith and worship to which St George was as of yesterday, and which primitive Christianity recognised as too deeply rooted in the popular imagination to be lightly discarded. There was a large humanity about those early missionaries, a disposition to count nothing human common or unclean, that went for much in their success. They did not deem that all was wasted which had gone before, but rather that

> the feeble hands and helpless,
> Groping blindly in the darkness,
> Touched God's right hand in the darkness,
> And were lifted up and strengthened ;

and they would not rudely sweep away props on which men's souls had leaned, but left them, to stand while they might, consecrated to a new significance. Some better thing might be reserved for the succeeding time, but without them it was not to be made perfect.

Soon after this the road crosses the Sulsanna, coming from its cascaded valley, and the changing character of the scenery ahead reminds us that we are nearing the end of the upper section of the valley of the Inn.

The division of the Engadine into Upper and Lower is not a piece of arbitrary map-making, nor the device of officials beset by the necessity of drawing a line somewhere. We seem to pass into a new country when, leaving the broad upper valley, lying wide-stretched to the sky, where only human care prevents the Inn from spreading out into lakes and marshes, we enter the deep trough, bordered by picturesque peaks and ridges, where the river which has so long been the companion of the road flows far below it between steep walls of rock. And not only does the scenery change, but the climate, the flora, the very dialect of the people, and their character in history, is different.

A mile beyond Capella, in a green basin below the road, is Cinuskel, the last hamlet; a few picturesque houses, one of them quaintly frescoed, with a trim, demure little church. The valley narrows to a ravine; the Inn whitens to a torrent, as it rages down

the pine-clad gorge that it has cut for itself; two bridges, one in stone upon the present road, the other the historic wooden Punt Ota on the grass-grown road above, span the foaming yellow brook which is the immemorial boundary of the Upper Engadine.

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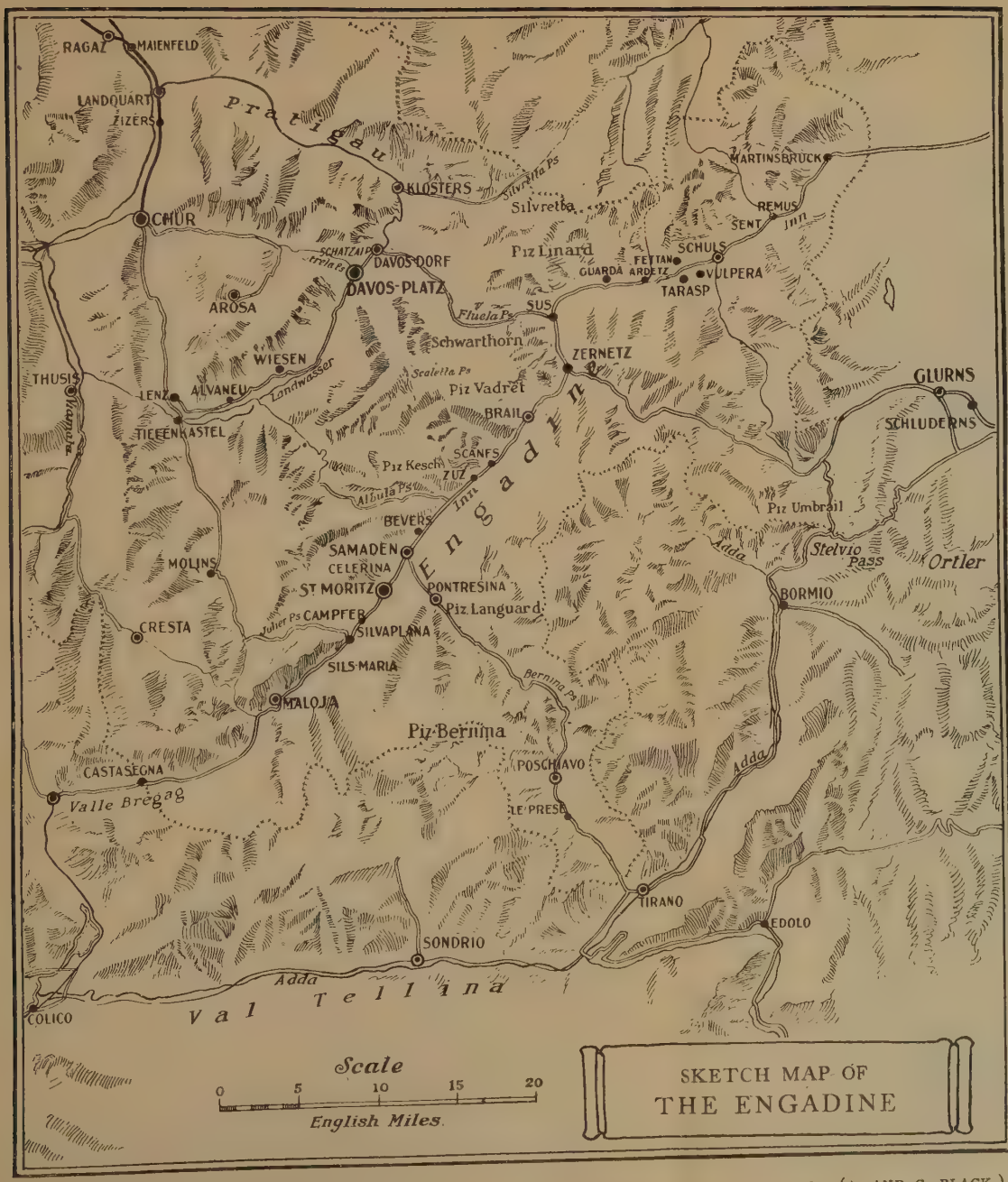

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